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THE homeward journey of a gentleman from California was interrupted in New York the other day because just as he was about to disembark Customs officials found twenty-three bottles of liquor in his baggage. To people who know American travelers abroad there is nothing surprising in this. Ever since the advent of prohibition the childishness of American travelers in the presence of alcohol has become a byword among the nations.

WHAT is interesting in this particular case is that the gentleman in question is reported to be one of the leaders of a political organization which has selected Hoover as its candidate on a bone-dry platform; and so, presumably, is interested in co-operating with his associates in securing more and better prohibition.

TO our mind, it is this sort of thing which makes our main difficulty with the prohibition question. The majority of the people we know occasionally drink alcohol in some form or another. Yet publicly they are for prohibition. In their opinion, it's a good thing—for others. Particularly, it's a good thing for those unfortunate people—not themselves—who never were able to keep from misusing alcohol.

IT seems to us that there is an essential falsity in a point of view which has only the other fellow in mind. Certainly, honesty lies in legislating for yourself—not for others. People who are in favor of prohibition for others and yet crave occasional indulgence for themselves are dishonest in their thinking.

WE do not see any escape from the problem which prohibition presents. Either we must cease drinking (unless we just come out for the private making of alcoholic beverages) or we must find some way of regulating the consumption of alcohol which pleases us all. Meanwhile, let those who are publicly for bone-dry prohibition cease drinking privately. Conversely, let those who drink privately come out publicly for some other solution for the problem—say, the Swedish pass-book system, which penalizes the unfortunate who misuses alcohol, but does not make it immoral to drink liquor.

THE saloon is gone forever from this country. But genuine temperance will never be achieved through personal hypocrisy and public humbug. So far, what we have gained through prohibition has been at the expense of our characters. Let us all come out in the open, one way or another.

Francis Rufus Bellamy.

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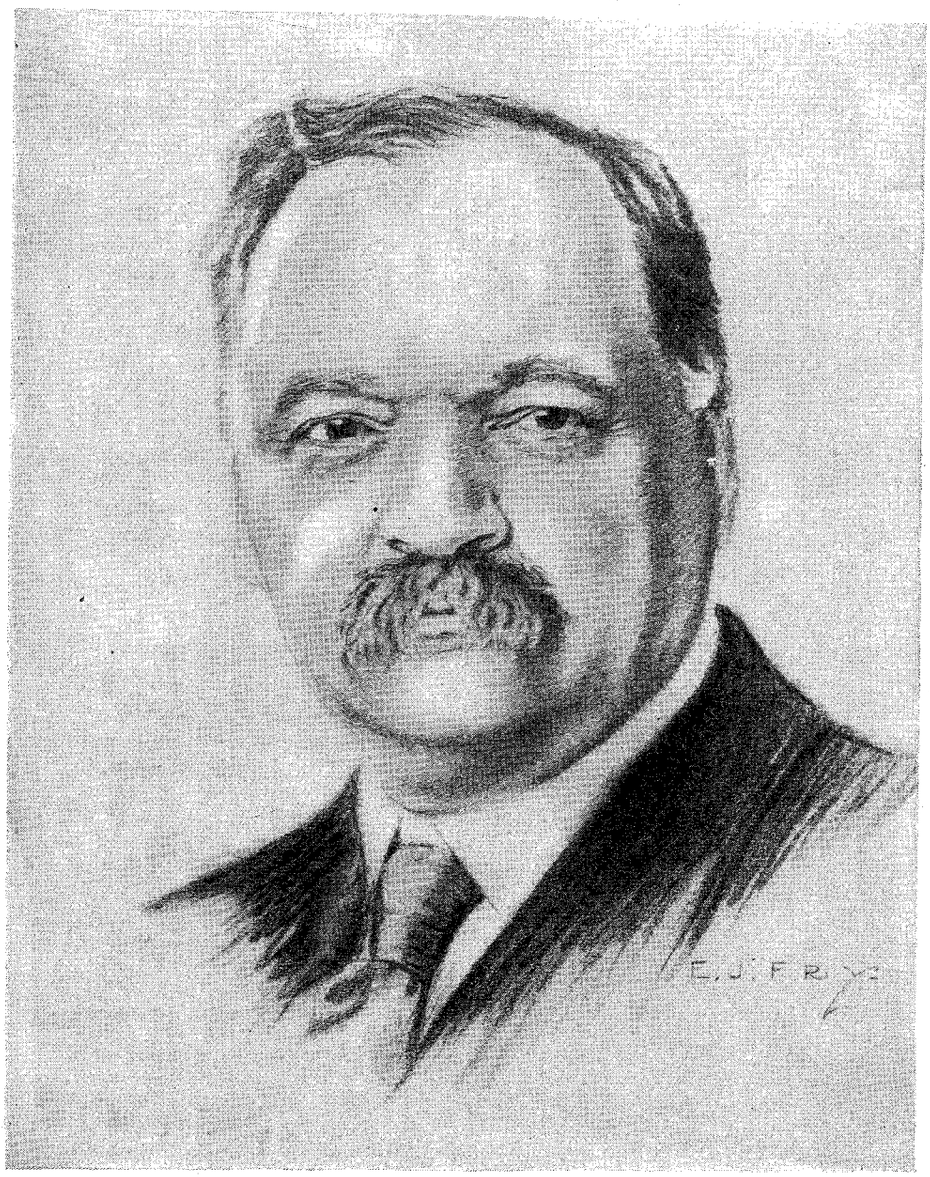

Charles Curtis

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The Outlook

May 16, 1928

Charles Curtis of Kansas

By CHARLES G. ROSS

Hoover's foes among the Republicans are looking toward Senator Curtis, of Kansas, with growing interest. For, according to his friends, here is a Westerner who is highly satisfactory to the East and a conservative who is not wholly unacceptable to the progressives, and who may be counted upon to emerge a winner from the Republican National Convention. A St. Louis journalist gives us this story of Charles Curtis, the fifth in a series of political portraits.

THE name of Charles Curtis, of Kansas, majority leader of the Senate and the first man away from the barrier in the race for the Republican Presidential nomination, is a synonym for party regularity. Political storms of great violence—populism, free silverism, progressivism—have swept the Kansas prairies in his time, but none of them has shaken him from his moorings. Through his third of a century in the House and the Senate he has planted both feet on the party platform, waved aloft the banner of protection for industry and the farmer, and stood fast for government by regular Republicans in the tried and regular way. He is the most conspicuous Western outpost of Eastern conservative political thought. If elected President—and he cannot, at this writing, be wholly erased from the picture—he will continue to be intensely regular; men do not change their habits of mind at sixty-nine, which will be Curtis's age in March, 1929. Among the Presidents he would be classed with McKinley.

For a safe and sane candidate, Curtis had a singularly romantic early career. On his mother's side he traces his ancestry back through White Plume, chief of the Kaw tribe of Kansas Indians, to the famous Pawhuska, chief of the Osage tribe. White Plume's granddaughter married Louis Pappan, a French trader, and their daughter, Ellen Pappan, married the adventurous descendant of a New England family, who became Captain Curtis in the Civil War. Charles Curtis was born of this union on January 25, 1860, at Topeka, Kansas.

His mother died when he was three years old, and he was taken in charge by his grandmother Pappan, who lived on the Indian reservation sixty miles west of Topeka. The Senator has some vivid memories of those early days among his grandmother's people. Once when the Cheyennes went on the warpath he was the youthful Paul Revere, though not on horseback, who went miles across the plains at night to summon aid. What a theme that will be for the campaign biographers of the Senator if he gains the nomination! Again, there was the year of the great grasshopper plague, when his wise grandmother Pappan, as he recalls with gratitude, persuaded him that he ought to stay in school rather than join an exodus to the Indian Territory. He sold fruit at trains and worked in stores to get money to keep himself in school.

Before he was nine he became a jockey. He must have been a good one, for the owner of Tilden, a famous Kansas horse of those days, gave him a regular job. He toured the Southwest with Tilden, meeting all comers and never losing a race. The racing of that period was a haphazard but none the less serious business. Meets were arranged at any convenient place to bring together the fancied horses of rival owners or communities, and the stakes ran high. Curtis recalls that at a race down in Texas the man for whom he was riding called him over for final instructions. The owner was seated with a rifle across his knees. "Son," he said, "the last dollar I have in the world is on this race. If you don't win, don't stop when you cross the finish line. Keep right on going." Curtis won.

At sixteen Curtis was about to quit school entirely for his riding, when another grandmother intervened. This time it was Permelia Hubbard Curtis, of New Hampshire, who set him on the road to the Senate and a Presidential candidacy. On her advice, he gave up racing and buckled down to his books. A year or so later he was a reporter on the North Topeka "Times." At nineteen he began to read law in a Topeka office. The financial going was rough, and he was tempted more than once to return to the track. Finally he hit upon a way to make money. A livery-stable keeper of his acquaintance had an unused hack and a spavined horse. Curtis owned a horse equally spavined. He rented the outfit from the stable, added his own animal, and set up as a hack proprietor. Success became assured when the politicians who frequented the old Copeland House in Topeka took a

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fancy to Curtis's disreputable-looking rig and began to patronize it to the exclusion of others. He read law books while waiting for fares. The venture enabled him to keep on with his studies and gave him his first contacts with politicians. He drove the hack for two years, at the end of which time he was admitted to the bar and began practice.

In 1884, when he was twenty-four years old, Curtis began a career of office-holding that has suffered only one brief interruption. His first post was that of prosecuting attorney of Shawnee County —and thereby hangs a tale. Prohibition had come to Kansas, but it was not being enforced. A hundred saloons flourished in Topeka without interference. To make sure that this happy condition would not be disturbed, the wet faction decided to run young Charlie Curtis, ex-hacker, for prosecutor. Curtis told them that if elected he would enforce the law, and he added that he knew how to enforce it. They laughed. Nothing could be funnier than the idea of Charlie Curtis, their good friend, putting the saloons out of business. He was merely indulging in a little Kansas humor. So it seemed to both sides, for the drys voted against Curtis and the wets voted for him and put him over.

Curtis had no sooner been installed in office than he began bringing charges against the Topeka joint-keepers. When the first case came on for trial, the case that would test the sincerity of his pre-election statement, the court-room was packed. Even then it didn't seem possible to the wets that Curtis would carry out his threat. The drys were equally skeptical. On seeing the young prosecutor allow several known wets to remain in the jury box, the drys groaned and several of their leaders marched out of the room in disgust, convinced that the case was lost before it started. Curtis's speech surprised everybody; it was something wholly new in the annals of prohibition enforcement in Topeka. He indulged in no moral homilies, but based his demand for conviction solely on the fact that prohibition was the law of the State. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, whereupon the other defendants came forward, pleaded guilty, and threw themselves on the mercy of the Court. Within thirty days Curtis had closed every saloon in the city, and they stayed closed throughout his four years as prosecutor.

CURTIS was elected to the Congress of 1893–4, and with the exception of two years he has served continuously ever since. Promotion to the Senate came in 1907. His one defeat was in 1912, the year of the Bull Moose uprising, when, although he received the popular vote of his party, he carried an insufficient number of districts to win the nomination. The law was changed the next year to provide for nomination by the direct vote of the people, and in 1914 Curtis staged his comeback at the expense of Senator Bristow. He was the whip of the Republican majority under Senator Lodge, and after the death of the latter in 1924 was chosen leader.

Search the "Congressional Record," and you will find but few speeches by Curtis. When he does speak on the floor, it is rarely for more than a minute or two. Both in Kansas politics and in the Senate he gets his results by the private and confidential putting together of a few heads. He has been called—and is—the greatest whisperer in the Senate. When most Senators whisper, they are merely telling what Pat said to Mike; when Curtis whispers, he may be arranging a deal with the opposition, or telling how the next vote in the Senate will result, or conveying some message he has received from the White House —conveying just as much of it as he thinks his listener ought to hear.

In spite of the fewness of his words, or perhaps because of it, Curtis has left his impress on Congress and the country. One of his first chances to make a mark was given him in the House by "Czar" Reed, whose favor he had gained by his native shrewdness and his unflagging party regularity. Going into the Speaker's office one day, he found himself in the midst of a caucus of Republican leaders. He started to retreat, but Reed, addressing him as "Indian," called him back. Gold-standard legislation was being discussed. It soon became evident that the group would never reach an agreement. "Indian," said Reed, "what would you do about this?" Curtis replied that he would take the whole matter out of the hands of the standing committee which had been unsuccessfully trying to write a bill, and turn it over to a special committee. A day or two later Reed summoned the young man from Kansas to his office and told him his suggestion had been adopted. Curtis was one of the committee of eleven appointed by the Speaker to write a bill. The result of their efforts was the Gold Standard Act of 1900, which remains on the statute-books today without amendment.

Curtis was one of the first National legislators to come out for women's suffrage, and as whip of the Senate in 1919 he did much to put through the suffrage Amendment. He has been a consistent supporter of legislation in the interest of women. Being a Kansan, he has naturally been active on the side of farm-relief measures. In the last Congress the McNary-Haugen Bill put him in a difficult position. His desire to do something for the farmer clashed with the fact that the "equalization fee" feature of the bill ran counter to his political and economic philosophy. Like a good many others in the same predicament, he voted for the bill.

Curtis was an early advocate of the two-thirds cloture rule adopted by the Senate in 1917. He had an important hand in bringing about the adoption of the National budget system, and it was on his motion that the Senate rule forbidding legislation by conferees was adopted. A stanch prohibitionist from his early Kansas days, he has cast his votes on the dry side without shadow of turning. He followed his party leader, Lodge, in the fight over the League of Nations, and led the Administration forces in the effort to take the United States into the World Court. He went the whole route for the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill when to do so was to court political disaster in his home State, and he cast an orthodox Republican vote for the Fordney-McCumber schedules.

Curtis as leader of the Senate majority relies on his time-tried methods of compromise and conciliation. His peculiar qualities are well suited to the task of trying to bring a semblance of harmony out of the deep-seated discord on the Republican side, and he has done as much in that direction as anybody could have done.

TO nearly all his colleagues Senator Curtis is Charlie. Everybody likes him. Everybody calls him a "square shooter." In the press galleries he has the reputation of fairness and blunt honesty in analyzing a political situation. The reporters like, too, his quiet dignity. He is affable, but never clownish. In the best sense of the phrase, he is "plain as an old shoe."

William Allen White said in a recent interview that "for thirty-five years Charlie Curtis has been depositing favors in the political bank, and today he is drawing checks on them." That describes Curtis neatly. Ever since he entered public life Curtis has been doing favors for his constituents, and the aggregate of good will that he has rolled

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Birth Control

As Seen by a Mother

By

MARION HURD McNEELY

In the pages of The Outlook a doctor has opposed birth control on physiological and humanistic grounds, a sociologist for economic reasons; a poet, a business woman, and a judge have discussed it in its relation to marriage. Mrs. McNeely feels that the class to whom birth control is the most vital thing in life has not been represented, and it is for that class—the mothers—that she undertakes to speak.

THERE are three classes of people who always step boldly to the front of the platform when the ubject of birth control is mentioned—he priest, the lawmaker, and the doctor.

If I were not able to smile at the hought of the discussion of that subject by a priest, I should cry from very rage. I will listen to a head hunter from Borneo on Paris styles, or to an Eskimo on he progress of invention, but I will eave even the confessional if the priest utters the words "birth control." The other two classes are not such great offenders. I have no objection to their expression of their opinions. My complaint of them is of the form that their observations take. For instead of the help that they could (and should) give the world in a medical and legal way, they invariably launch into a discussion of the subject from an ethical standpoint, on which they have no more knowledge than any other citizen.

The curious fact is that in all the articles upon birth control which have appeared in The Outlook and other magazines recently the two classes of human beings who are most vitally interested—mothers and children—are never represented. The children are neglected because they are inarticulate; the women because they hesitate to speak openly of their own experiences. It has been only within the last three or four years that birth control, probably the most important subject in the world, has not been considered a shameful topic for discussion. It is these two classes of citizens, for whom birth control is the most vital thing in life, that I am trying to represent in this article.

I BELIEVE that most women want children. I have no statistics to prove this statement; only the words of the many women who have voiced their opinions to me. In my two years of homesteading life, where the coming of every baby means greater hardship, increased economy, and unrelieved suffering, I never heard of a woman who didn't want a family. "Pore little kid!" I heard a homesteading mother say when the fifth child was coming; "he ain't getting no square deal when I ain't even got a bed fer him." (The other four children were sleeping lengthwise in one of the two beds the sod house possessed.) I knew another homesteader who, sensing the approach of her baby, walked four miles to the home of her nearest neighbor to get assistance. The kindly neighbor promised to come to her as soon as she had "kneaded down her bread." The homesteader walked back the four miles, and had hardly reached her empty house when her boy baby was born. She lay alone and without attention until her neighbor arrived. And her comment on the situation was: "I was skeered that baby'd take cold before they got him dressed. I'm glad he's all right. Ain't so lonesome on the prairie with a baby to look out fer."

I have seen the eyes of a middle-aged woman whose only child died at birth thirty years before fill with tears as she spoke of its death. I have seen women, many women, without families, look hungrily upon children. I have heard more than one hard-boiled flapper remark, with modern frankness, that they *wanted* a family; that they hoped they'd have a lot.

FUNDAMENTALLY, the modern woman is no different from all the women that have gone before her. Her manner of expression is different, that is all. She is unhampered by the past, undaunted by the present, unafraid of the future. And, fortified by new conventions, she dares to say what she thinks about childbearing, about limiting her family. But those thoughts are no different from her grandmother's thoughts on the same subject. It takes ages, instead of a single generation, to divert instinct, and the maternal urge cannot be overcome in a lifetime. The flapper wants a family, but she wants what she wants, and no more. And in her frankness that seems to the older generation almost brutal, she shows a tenderness and a consideration for her unborn that the past generation either lacked or dared not express.

Every married woman who possesses a conscience and a sense of responsibility finds herself faced with the same problem early in her married life. Without preparation, without either education or previous thought on the subject, she is confronted suddenly by the question of her duty to her husband as compared with her duty to her unborn children. This is not the problem of the unhappy woman; the more she loves her husband, the more tender and considerate he is toward her, the harder becomes her decision. Shall she consider him first? Or shall the children have first claim? Will they *want* to come? How many ought she to bear? Can she have as large a family as she and her husband desire, and still be untiring, loving, *responsible* enough to care for them? Can she supply enough health for their bodies? Enough lime for their bones? Enough patience for their upbringing? Ought she to run the risk of having children to whom she cannot give her best?

The more conscientious the mother, the more she thinks upon these things. To whom may she go for help? Neither her religion nor her education offer her any solution. Her family physician not only cannot help her with the moral question, but is forbidden to give her any information about the physical. Her priest, if she is a Roman Catholic, comes to the front with a solution that is as absurd as it is absolute: If she desires but three children, she must deviate from continence three times in the twenty-five years of her married life. I have heard more than a few "good Catholics" express their opinion of that advice. So she fights it out alone. In this greatest of problems, in which men and women need all the help that science, that religion, that psychology, that experience can give them, there is no source of help. A stock raiser may write for a United States bulletin on every subject pertaining to the production of

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If You Should Fly

By MILBURN KUSTERER

MEN and women who a few years ago gave no thought to flying as it affected them personally are now giving serious consideration to commercial aviation as a means of saving time, extending their business and social activities, and increasing the pleasure of travel. These people are told by various agencies and in numerous ways that flying is as safe as ground transportation. However, they are not infrequently subjected to the more or less disquieting accounts of airplane accidents and casualties.

Those connected with aviation attribute these accidents mainly to unairworthy planes and incompetent pilots. Such things, they say, do not happen to good machines and good pilots. These men speak with perfect honesty and a full knowledge of what they are talking about. "But," asks the prospective air passenger, "how can I tell whether the plane is safe and whether the pilot is competent? Do I have to take that chance too?"

The Air Commerce Act and Regulations give the Department of Commerce control of all inter-State air commerce and supervision of all air traffic. That is, all airplanes must observe the Federal flight regulations—the rules of the road of the air—whether engaged in inter-State or only intra-State commerce.

Among the functions of the Aeronautics Branch are the inspection and licensing of aircraft and the examination and licensing of pilots. It is this activity which affords the layman the means by which he can determine for himself the airworthiness of an airplane and the competence of its pilot. The license given each is a credential of fitness for service. The pilot must carry his license and present it upon demand. Licensed airplanes must display their certificates conspicuously. These are the safeguards provided the public by the Department of Commerce.

Pilots may be divided into two classes: those who are licensed by the Department and those who are not. Commercial airplanes may be differentiated in the same way. Pilots are licensed according to their skill, experience, knowledge, and in relation to the particular work in which they may engage. The pilot who carries passengers or property in inter-State commerce must have a transport pilot license. This is the highest credential given by the Department.

The transport pilot must have at least two hundred hours of solo flying and pass examinations on the theory of flight, rigging of airplanes, air traffic rules, meteorology, and engines. He must be able to fly in emergency maneuvers, doing spirals, sideslips, and recovering from stalls. His fitness for cross-country flying under all conditions must be demonstrated. He is subjected to a rigorous medical examination. His mental and moral fitness to be intrusted with the lives of others is ascertained. In every sense, the transport pilot is an all-round pilot and is entitled to pilot any type of licensed plane anywhere. Among the transport pilots of this country are the finest and most able fliers in the world. Colonel Lindbergh was a transport pilot long before he was an international hero. Air-mail pilots, since they are engaged in inter-State commerce, have to be transport pilots. This fact accounts in part for the fine performance and safety records of the air-mail lines.

There are other classes of pilots—limited commercial, industrial, private, and student. The limited commercial pilot must have fifty hours of solo flying in contrast to the transport pilot's two hundred hours. They are allowed to carry passengers for hire only within a limited, designated small area. They cannot carry passengers or property for hire or reward outside the areas denoted in their licenses.

An industrial pilot is not allowed to carry passengers for hire or reward, but may engage in such operations as crop dusting, aerial photography, and aerial surveying. He must have fifty hours of solo flying. The physical and other examinations given the applicants for limited commercial and industrial licenses are not as rigorous as those which must be passed by transport pilots.

Private pilots are non-commercial pilots. They are not permitted to carry passengers or property for hire. Private pilots designated as student pilots are licensed only to pilot a licensed airpla while receiving instruction. The stude pilot is restricted to a definite, sm area.

The only licensed pilots who a privileged to carry passengers for hi are the transport and limited comme cial. Neither can carry pay passenge in an unlicensed aircraft. The pers who is going to fly can easily assu himself of the status of the pilot b asking to see his license. This ma prove a wise precaution, even though th passenger is going to take only a sho hop. It is the getting up and comin down that count; not the distanc flown, but the distance to the ground i case of a mishap. It may be safer t fly from coast to coast with one pil than to take a three-minute hop wit another. It is not enough to know tha the pilot is licensed. The cautious pe son also should know his class.

LAST year in New York State the were seventeen airplane crashe Fourteen of these planes were not regi tered and thirteen of the pilots held n licenses. Records show that accident are more frequent with unlicensed plane and pilots. Department of Commerc statistics for 1927 show that 80 per cen of airplane fatalities occurred in un licensed machines and that of the tot of 681 licensed planes, 665, or 97¾ pe cent, operated throughout the yea flying millions of miles without a singl fatality. In air-mail operations ther was but one fatality to 1,413,381 pilot passenger miles. In air transport op erations the ratio was 1 to 1,413,33 miles.

In case pilots who are licensed ge frisky and break rules, the local Depart ment inspector investigates and report to Washington. If action is necessary the pilot may be "grounded" for a time his license suspended or revoked, or a fine may be imposed.

Any airplane engaged in inter-Stat commerce must be licensed by the De partment, as must any plane flown b a licensed pilot who is carrying passen gers for hire. No plane can be license until its type of structural design an details of manufacture have been ap proved by the Department engineers Federal inspectors from time to tim

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visit the factories operating under this plan to see that work is up to standard and that the approved specifications are being followed.

Airplanes not engaged in inter-State commerce must register with the Department and receive a number, even though they do not apply for a license. This number is for identification only and is carried on the top and bottom wing surfaces in the same places as the numbers on licensed planes. The registered but unlicensed plane may be easily distinguished from the licensed plane. When there is no letter preceding the number, the plane is merely marked for identification. There is no assurance by the Department as to the structural safety of the plane or its general condition. It has not been approved and the Department inspector has not examined it. It may be safe and it may not.

Licensed aircraft show the Department's credential in the form of a letter preceding the registration number. Capital "S" means "State," and is used on planes engaged solely for Governmental purposes and belonging to some political division, such as city, county, or State. Capital "C" means "commercial" and precedes the number on all other licensed airplanes except that special symbols are assigned to planes engaged in racing or experimental work. The letter "N" denotes that the plane is used in foreign air commerce.

The Spirit of St. Louis carries the identification NX211. The "X" denotes experimental and the 211 is the license number. As Colonel Lindbergh wished to use his plane in foreign countries the "N" appeared, but was not necessary, as he was not engaged in foreign commerce.

THE system of numbering gives the Department a check on all airplanes whether licensed or not, and infractions of rules can be accurately reported. Here are some of the ways in which the layman can tell if a plane is breaking the air traffic rules: if it swoops down to within one thousand feet of a public gathering, such as a ball-game crowd; if it performs stunts over a crowd at any altitude; if it stunts over a city or over an airport or within one thousand feet horizontally thereof. It is against regulations to drop objects from an airplane without permission from the Secretary of Commerce, or to fly acrobatically with any passenger for hire even if the passenger so requests.

Aircraft licenses may be suspended or revoked for violation of the Air Commerce Act or Regulations. Revocation may also be imposed for operating planes in excess of the authorized load and for changing equipment or remodeling airplanes after they have been licensed. In case of a serious crash, the airplane cannot be flown after reconditioning until it has been inspected by a Department representative.

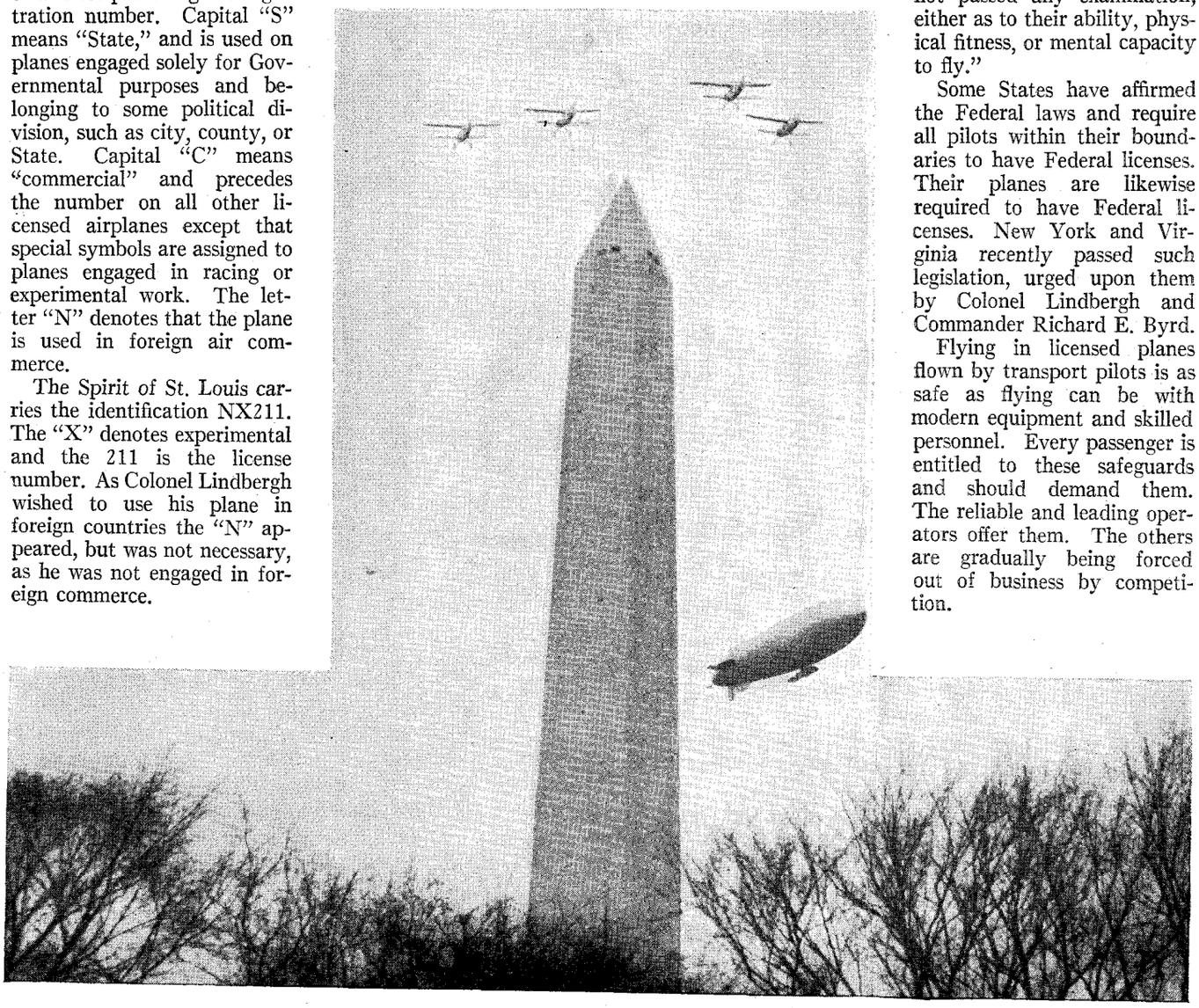
The prospective air passenger, however, asks, "With all this regulation, how is it that unlicensed planes and pilots do fly and carry passengers?"

The answer is that they are engaged in intra-State commerce, over which the Department has no control. William P. MacCracken, head of the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce, says:

"The result is that unless some action is taken by State authorities, or the Air Commerce Act is amended to require the licensing of all aircraft and airmen, there will be a certain percentage of planes operating in this country that have not been inspected, and they will be flown by pilots who have not passed any examination, either as to their ability, physical fitness, or mental capacity to fly."

Some States have affirmed the Federal laws and require all pilots within their boundaries to have Federal licenses. Their planes are likewise required to have Federal licenses. New York and Virginia recently passed such legislation, urged upon them by Colonel Lindbergh and Commander Richard E. Byrd.

Flying in licensed planes flown by transport pilots is as safe as flying can be with modern equipment and skilled personnel. Every passenger is entitled to these safeguards and should demand them. The reliable and leading operators offer them. The others are gradually being forced out of business by competition.



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Grandfather's Neck

By MARY SHIRLEY

TO any one who watches the drift of current fiction with interest, the metamorphosis of the Southern novel during recent years has been a phenomenon of striking significance. There was, before 1914, a *genre* known as "Southern," a trade-mark as definite in its implications as "Western" when applied to a movie today. It called for certain lay figures, properties, and even foods, and was a composite of a Dixie belle, a Colonel (Confederate, of course), a mammy to whom the Emancipation Act was the original "scrap of paper," a colonial house, preferably dilapidated, wherein the inhabitants subsisted chiefly on a diet of beaten biscuit and mint juleps (frosted by the heroine). The villain was a Northerner, pronounced "damyankee," unless the author was unusually reconstructed, when, as likely as not, the hero himself hailed from north of the line and—plague on both their houses!—claimed the Southern beauty as his bride in a last chapter foggy with "tears and love for the blue, love and tears for the gray." This type was especially popular at the time of the Spanish War, when the sentiment of the country voiced itself in the song,

One lies down near Appomattox,
Many miles away,
Another sleeps at Chickamauga,
And they both wore suits of gray,

In a trench at Santiago. . . .

But not even in war time could a writer bring himself to have a Southern hero fall in love with a girl from the North. It was taken for granted that all Southern girls were supremely charming. The characters were not born of the author's spiritual travail; they were delivered complete by the theatrical costumer—the heroine's curls and crinolines, the Colonel's old gray hat and white Van Dyke—as ordered for this fancy-dress party which was the novel of the South. And, more's the pity, this *bal masque* was often contrived by an author of genuine gifts—graceful style, romantic feeling, and even humor, which, alas! he had to sacrifice too frequently to the blue laws limiting his *metier*. By any other name, these books smell ever so faintly of "Elsie Dinsmore."

Towering above his contemporaries was George W. Cable, who was to Louisiana and her Creoles what Hawthorne was to New England, lacking perhaps some of Hawthorne's tragic intensity, his compactness of method, but with every quality of a great interpreter of a people. Upon re-reading his work with the expectation of finding color, romance, and exotic charm—finding all of these—one is amazed at his detachment and the breadth of his humanity. It must be recalled that "The Grandissimes," his most important novel and his own favorite, was written nearly fifty years ago. It is interesting to have the authority of his daughter, Mrs. Chard, for Mr. Cable's attitude toward his own work, which explains to a degree his remarkable faculty for "perspective." He at one time said to a friend that he liked to have at least fifteen years' contact with his subject, and then fifteen years' absence from it, before he began to write about it. With such preparation, it is not surprising that more recent writers have failed to supplant him as pre-eminently the novelist of the South. His fame is as secure as Hawthorne's or Henry James's.

Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia, with an undeniable gift for telling a tale and a polished style withal, never broke through the conventions governing the Southern novel and had apparently no temptation to do so. In a preface he frankly says that he writes of people who are the products of a system it is now the fashion to speak of only with condemnation. Of the merits of that system he seems to have been convinced, though sentiment, and not conviction, motivates his work. It is inevitably the Lost Cause which receives the heart's allegiance. Was there ever any one in the world—except perhaps the late William Jennings Bryan—who did not love a Stuart better than a Roundhead, especially *after* cutting off Charles's head?

James Lane Allen, of Kentucky, after writing "The Choir Invisible" and several other fine novels in the tradition, suddenly confounded his admirers by going modern! Only in those days they called it "advanced," and it meant, my dear, being just horrid! He wrote a simple and harmless enough tale, wherein the head of a family had a frightfully wild time, as he sat before the Christmas tree, ruminating on the quite scandalous origin of Christmas trees in the days of the Druids. His speculations lured him to some unorthodox views of his marriage vows. (People get that way when they begin to think about Druids.) The upshot of all this was that Mr. Allen was told in effect that Druid oaks and firs were no trees for his Kentucky Cardinals. These birds must never perch on the Golden Bough!

John Fox, Jr., another Kentuckian, contributed his "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" to the annals of the mountaineer, and a little later Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed" was knocked down by the "pleasure dog," spilling his apples all over the street! "The pleasure he has given me is negligible if not non-existent." How that phrase has kept up our morale on occasions not highly felicitous! All these novels, as expected, contained confections for the literary sweet tooth, but it would be ungracious as well as pedantic to belittle the delight such books have given us in the past. In many instances the pleasure was by no means negligible or non-existent.

Delightful as many of the Southern tales were, and even true to some limited phases of life in the South, there was little attempt to probe deeply into the secret motives of the human soul or to present any of the universal problems of common humanity. Of stories dealing with the Negro, from "Uncle Remus" down to "Porgy" and "Black April," there is no opportunity to speak in this article, for they belong in a class apart, in the nature of things, just as the peculiar and unhappy heritage of the Negro himself makes him a figure of tragic isolation in the midst of our civilization.

It was not until 1915 that the bonds of tradition were finally cut by a slim flashing blade, when James Branch Cabell published "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." Taking his text from that ineffably lovely story by Hans Christian Andersen, "The Shepherdess and the Sweep," Cabell made the porcelain figure of the Mandarin the symbol of the Old South. Once Grandfather could nod his head, but when broken into bits, though more fortunate than Humpty-Dumpty, he was put together so clumsily that his neck remained quite rigid. It has been said that Cabell did to Virginia what Cervantes did to Spain

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Beyond Cult and Sect

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

FOOD, a little of it fancy but mostly not, somehow has marked my spiritual progress like milestones.

It was early autumn, and it was in the city of Nashville. The great campus of Vanderbilt University was arrayed in gold and scarlet, looking like a stage for a mediæval romance. The very sunshine had a touch of refinement about it.

But I did not enjoy a game of tennis that day, somehow. I could not say anything viler than that of any day in the calendar. The professor of Hebrew in the Theological Department licked me, and licked me good. The thing struck me as a greater miracle than the raising of the dead. I saw another miracle, though, even greater than that, at the dinner table. That dinner tasted to me like a lot of old bits of newspaper seasoned with sawdust. I went to bed, and on the following morning I could not think of any attraction strong enough to drag me out of it.

"Hustle out of there, now, you good-for-nothing old"— My kindly roommate did not finish the complimentary greeting. For just then his eyes happened to fall upon my face. His eyes got round and rounder, but he did not waste another adjective, and rushed out of the room.

The doctor came and stuck a fever thermometer under my tongue. The college physician was a jolly old body, popular with the boys. After he had looked me over I wondered just what it was that had ever made me think him jolly. The only story that his old thermometer told me was 103°. And I couldn't see anything in that that would make a man half as glum as the doctor seemed to be.

THERE is something funny about a healthy little animal—all of which I was in those days—the least little trouble with his body makes him jump straight to the conclusion that he is going to die the very next moment. I knew all about this fundamental fact in human psychology. And at that time—all the while the doctor was looking so glum—I did not feel like stepping right off, or anything like it. I told the doctor all this just to cheer him up a bit. He didn't even crack a smile. When he did speak, he did not tell me a new joke. Instead he asked me if my parents were still living. When I assured him that they were, he wished to know where they were. I told him they were some nine thousand

miles from where I lay. He asked if any of my blood relations were living in the United States and a number of other questions quite as curious.

He had a hard time in leaving me, although, upon the brightest of my honor, I did not do a thing to keep him. But he left in the end. Left alone, I devoted myself to the easiest thing I could do: I looked up at the ceiling and kept right on looking at it as minutes and hours marched on in their pilgrimage to eternity. As I looked that old whitewashed ceiling took on all the life and drama of the silver screen, although that was years before the movie was even the dream child of its inventor.

SOMEWHERE I had heard that a man's soul reviews his entire life at the gate of the Shadow World even as the Emperor reviews his army at the Aoyama Review Ground. Could it be—as the doctor seemed to think—that I was really seriously ill? I looked at the ceiling. The parade continued, as if in answer to my query.

And suddenly I felt—not sick, but lonely. I never felt so lonely in all my life. The universe was utterly empty—positively painful in its exaggerated void. I was alone, I knew that. If a countryman or countrywoman of mine happened to be within a thousand miles of me, I knew nothing of him or her. And the crowded parade on the ceiling kept unrolling steadily. And the more it unrolled, the lonelier I got. Perhaps the doctor was right. There are times when even doctors are right, I told myself. And without fuss, without violence or melodrama of any sort, everything took on the tinge of dull blue—including the parade on the ceiling. I actually thought of turning my face to the wall with the common human refrain, "This is the end." Perhaps I did do just that. For after continuous, unanimous, although not enthusiastic sinking of a considerable length of time, I was suddenly startled out of the mire of desolation as from a nightmare.

IT was a knock at the door that did it. It came again. I did not take the trouble of answering it. Everything seemed to me like yesterday's newspaper—curiosity was dead and cold within me. The knock came for the third time and spoke to me in a tone that proved the folly of fighting it with indifference. So I said, "Come in." "One of the boys dropping in," I thought, and did not take the trouble of turning my head to find out who the visitor might be. But why doesn't the fellow say something? Just then I heard a noise no student is guaranteed to make. It sounded like setting down a heavily laden tray of some sort. It meant food.

"Dar, now," I heard a full-chested contralto say, "Mis' Marshall, she say her compliments. She say"— The sentence was never finished. For just then the eyes of the plump colored maid fell upon my face for the first time. And

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they rested upon my features as upon a beast out of the Book of Revelation. She stared at me for a full minute. She was speechless, breathless, from her looks. And then—but no words came from her, not even an exclamation. It was an explosion. There was nothing wordy about it, though. For it was one big, explosive laugh. Just how and why a lonely heathen nine thousand miles from the hills and mountain streams of Kameoka and pretty deep in the ooze of blues could inspire so much mirth I didn't know. But there was not a shadow of doubt that I was just about the funniest thing she ever saw. Her laugh exploded suddenly; it came to a stop quite as suddenly. I saw her eyes turn on the tray. The precious luncheon was cooling. Evidently, a spoiled meal was her idea of the one and only unforgivable sin. She took off white napkins with the dignity and mystic rite of an Egyptian priestess unveiling a goddess.

"Ain't it des scrumpchus?" said she, and a lot more utterly beyond my modest knowledge of English, as she arranged everything beside my bed so I could help myself easily.

Left alone, I looked at the tempting dishes on the tray. A small bowl of chicken okra soup in the center sent up a feather of steam. Beside it, on another plate, slices of white chicken meat were draped against a heap of cranberry sauce. Next to it a cut-glass dish full of celery and olives. Then, nestling close to it, I saw something which made me forget all the rest—a small chrysanthemum flower, barely the size of a silver dollar.

I LOOKED at it—and then I looked at it again, and kept on looking at it. It was just the kind of chrysanthemum flower in shape and color that used to fill the back garden of our old Kameoka home. Mother's favorite, the flower was. She used to tend it herself.

Perhaps a pair of angel wings is the regular conveyance for a human soul to make its way home. But not always. Somehow that wee chrysanthemum flower seemed to me just the ark especially constructed for the home journey of my lonely soul.

Did I drop off to sleep? I must have.

For a gentle knock brought me rather sharply back to the world of things-as-they-are. "Come in," I cried, and turned my head on the pillow. The door slowly opened. And I saw framed in the doorway Mrs. Marshall (which, of course, is not her real name), followed closely by her colored maid. She was rather small for an American girl—almost small and delicate enough for a Japanese lady of the Court of Kyoto.

"Why, the poor child hasn't eaten a thing!" I heard her say, as her eyes fell upon the untouched tray. "He must be very ill," she added. She said that to herself—I could see that.

Perhaps it was the tone of her voice—I don't know. Anyway, a spell fell upon me. A boiler factory suddenly turning into a rose-scented twilight with stars singing over it could not have been more gracious or magical than her presence.

"Couldn't you take anything at all?" I heard her low, soft voice say. "I prepared that soup myself. I thought you would like it—would be so good for you."

How I wished, to all the eight million gods of my ancestors, to tell her all—explain to her everything! But how on earth was I, with my cursedly limited command of English, to picture to her how I had freighted that dainty ark of a tiny chrysanthemum flower with my homesick soul and sped it on its homeward voyage? How could I make clear to her how I came to forget all about food in the excitement and enchantment of my soul's journey home? And all this in such a way as to keep her from rushing with me to the psychopathic ward? I just couldn't do it—and I knew I couldn't. So I did the only thing I could do: I looked at her in dumb, helpless dismay.

MY predicament did not seem to distress her in the least; she didn't even seem to notice it. Had I seen the doctor? I told her I had; that he was coming back to see me that afternoon again. Then she whispered something to her colored maid and went out of the room. When she returned, I saw she had changed her dress completely. A white starched apron accentuated her appearance, I remember.

Without a single word, she seated herself beside my bed and told me quietly, "You need some one to look after you for a while."

I am afraid I stared at her in dumb amazement.

The real—in fact, the only possible—meaning of her presence in my room dawned upon me. Incredible, utterly impossible—it was even preposterous! I couldn't believe it at all, of course. But it was right in front of my eyes:

Young Mrs. Marshall was there to act as a volunteer nurse. There wasn't—simply couldn't be—any other explanation of all her actions.

NOW I had never before that day exchanged more than brief greetings with Mrs. Marshall, but I had heard a lot about her from many of my school friends. She had been what the Southerners (and writers of romances) were delighted to call the "reigning toast" wherever she had happened to be. She had had all the handicaps of a girl of not only exceptional, but of superb beauty, reared in the lap of wealth by doting parents. All her young life she had been petted and flattered by a sort of involuntary band of conspirators who did the deadly work with the clearest conscience in the world and with an abiding conviction of doing a good and noble deed. And the band included practically every one with whom she had come in contact. In all her sheltered, gentle life she had never before seen a mere suspicion of a downright, hard, honest day's work within a mile of her.

It was this well-established fact and of common knowledge among the student body of Vanderbilt University that stunned me into a sudden state of coma at the sight of Mrs. Marshall quietly addressing herself to the task of nursing a heathen stray pup through what she evidently thought was a spell of serious illness.

But before I had a chance of recovering from my stupor of astonishment I saw the good doctor step through the open doorway. At his heel was a trained nurse in uniform.

The presence of Mrs. Marshall at my bedside, and more especially the way she was dressed, must have floored the good doctor as completely as they had me. And precisely for the same reason.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "You, of all people!"

Mrs. Marshall gave the astounded doctor a sweet little smile, rose to her feet, took him by the arm, and led him out of the room. Just what she told him outside of the door I do not know; I only heard the faint murmur of voices.

WHEN they stepped back into the room, the doctor seemed to be in the best of humor—all the frozen knots were gone from his features. "Feel a little better, eh? Nobody can blame you for that very well, under the cir-

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Money for Politics

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

THE Kenyon Campaign Funds Committee of 1920 made history. Now (may the saints save us!—the memory of the political saints of both parties) we have the Steiwer Campaign Funds Committee of 1928. If it should by any chance, make history of the same kind and on the same scale as that made by the Kenyon Committee, our water-logged old ship of state may have difficulty.

Is there anywhere a political commandment which says, "Do good that evil may come"? Whether there is or not, some such practice is fairly common. The intentions in and back of the Kenyon Committee were undoubtedly of the best. Yet its work made impossible the nomination of Frank O. Lowden or Leonard Wood and made possible the nomination of Warren G. Harding.

The Steiwer Committee starts, just as the Kenyon Committee did, with good intentions in and behind it. The members of the Committee themselves were taken almost completely by surprise and may hardly be said to have, as yet, very well formed intentions of any kind. But the purpose back of the movement was good. The initiative was taken by Senator Robinson, of Arkansas. All Senators, at least to the extent of not opposing, assisted it to fruition. The Vice-President was authorized to appoint a committee of five Senators to make scrutiny of expenditures in this year's Presidential and Congressional campaigns.

Rarely has a Vice-President been placed in a situation so embarrassing. Dawes is himself a candidate, by general acceptance if not by declaration, and may be investigated by this very Committee. Almost one-third of the Senators were out of consideration because they are candidates for re-election. Of the others, a number who might have been considered most eligible have been aspirants for a Presidential nomination, or nearly enough so to disqualify them. Of the two crack investigators of the Senate, Reed of Missouri is still and Walsh of Montana was until recently contending with Smith for the Democratic nomination. Such Republicans of varying schools of thought as Curtis, Watson, Borah, Norris, have each a chance of some votes in the Convention. Among the young and vigorous men, Goff on the Republican and George on the Democratic side are holding sectors of the allied lines.

The Vice-President was practically forced to make up a Committee almost wholly of newcomers to the Senate. He named Steiwer of Oregon, Dale of Vermont, and McMaster of South Dakota, Republicans, and Barkley of Kentucky and Bratton of New Mexico, Democrats.

There is on the Committee considerable judicial and prosecuting experience. Dale, Barkley, and Bratton have been judges. Steiwer, Barkley, and Bratton have been prosecuting attorneys. McMaster as a banker and Dale as a director of industrial corporations know finance. But, as has been the case with most Senate investigating committees recently, the sort of ability likely to become outstanding in a thing of this kind is mainly on the Democratic side.

What the Committee is to do, specifically, is not yet clear. When it began its duties, it found but one complaint. That was from Senator J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, and had to do with his charge that a good deal of money has been spent improperly in the interest of Governor Smith's candidacy for the Democratic nomination. This Committee is probably not sufficiently unique to take Senator Heflin seriously, and nothing is likely to be done with regard to Governor Smith that is not done with regard to all other candidates.

Every candidate who has made any showing at all on either side has been asked to appear, at his convenience, before the Committee. This is distinctly a new procedure. It may cause resentments. It may make trouble. But it may have in it, on the other hand, the possibility of permanent good.

There appears at this time no likelihood that the Committee will uncover, now or later, any very large expenditures. This is a cautious, if not a conscientious, year in political financing. So the Steiwer Committee hardly stands to find exactly such things as the Kenyon Committee found, hardly stands to destroy any candidacies by its revelations.

One of the problems—perhaps the biggest—in American politics is that of finding in ways that will be always above suspicion the money which is absolutely necessary in running campaigns. Everybody knows that sums of money, even very large sums of money sometimes, are necessary to candidacies and campaigns. Almost everybody knows that the ways now commonly employed for getting such money are devious and frequently dark. But nobody knows exactly where lies the direct and open way. If the Steiwer Committee turns its attention to finding that way and succeeds, it will make history of the right kind.

There are reasons for believing that the Steiwer Committee will attempt something of this kind. There are reasons for believing, too, that it may learn a good deal which is worth while, or which may be made worth while, from the financing methods of the men who are now running for President.

The Hoover campaign, for instance, is said to be thoroughly decentralized. Certainly there is nobody in Washington, which is the nearest approach to Hoover headquarters, who may be regarded as the head and front of the Hoover management. There are all sorts of stories as to how much money the Hoover campaign is costing, but all stories agree that there is no general war chest, that the money used in any particular territory originates mainly in that territory. In a sense, the system may be called local self-government in politics, even in personality politics. Perhaps there is in it, no matter what else, a suggestion for a better general system of candidacy financing.

Apparently, there is in the financing of the Smith candidacy, too, something different from the old fat-frying and broaching-the-barrel method. Perhaps the recent revelations of evils in political financing have forced most of the candidates to new methods. And undoubtedly many men not candidates have evolved some ideas out of recent events.

The Steiwer Committee, made up of men comparatively new to political affairs on the National scale, has the opportunity, not merely of seeing that the financing of this campaign does not run amuck, but of suggesting, at least, sound methods for the financing of all future campaigns.

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The World This Week

Hoover and Smith Again

GOVERNOR SMITH carried the California primaries by an overwhelming vote. The opposition to Governor Smith was divided between Senator Reed and Senator Walsh. Governor Smith's margin over the combined votes of both his opponents was about 30,000 in a total Democratic primary vote of over 230,000.

Even in dry, anti-Tammany Kansas there were indications of the apparently irresistible sweep of the Smith campaign. Though the delegates are instructed for Representative Ayres, who did not desire the nomination, and though more than half the delegates are Reed men, the unit rule was not adopted; and when the delegates are released from Ayres, the Smith delegates will be free to vote for their favorite.

While Governor Smith was walking away with the Democratic primaries in California, Secretary Hoover's ticket, running unopposed, received the indorsement of nearly 550,000 voters.

Couzens Wins

SENATOR COUZENS and the other minority stockholders in the Ford Motor Company who disposed of their stock holdings to Henry Ford in 1919 have beaten the Government in its suit to recover additional taxes on the stock transfer.

At the time of the sale Mr. Couzens and his associates secured an appraisal of their profits on the stock from Daniel C. Roper, at that time Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Upon the basis of his findings, they paid the Government the tax on their profits called for by the Revenue Law. In 1925 the Treasury Department, under the direction of Secretary Mellon, sought to recover additional taxes on the claim that Commissioner Roper's appraisal as of 1913 was excessive. The United States Board of Tax Appeals has now found that Commissioner Roper's appraisal was, if anything, too low. It would be an act of poetic justice if Senator Couzens and his associates could now secure a tax refund from the Government based on the new appraisals.

The inability of private persons and corporate organizations to secure a prompt and final estimate of the taxes which they must pay on transactions of this kind represents a gross defect in the administration of our tax laws. The fact that Senator Couzens and his associates apparently made every effort to guard against a reopening of this tax case served in no way to protect them against the costly and unfair procedure through which they have just been dragged. The fact that Senator Couzens and Secretary Mellon have been at swords' points on numerous occasions does not make the recent action of the Government any more palatable to American business men.

"Bad Girl" in Boston

BOSTON, once known as the literary capital of America, if not the entire planet, has again come to the assistance of an author by proscribing a book. The fortunate author this time is Mrs. Viña Delmar, of New York, whose "Bad Girl" is a study of life among the lower-middle-class white people living on the northern tip of Manhattan. It was received with a measure of approval by the critics and had been a monthly selection by the Literary Guild.

"Bad Girl Achieves Boston Blacklist" was the singularly apt headline in one of the New York newspapers, for the action means increased royalties for Mrs. Delmar. In forbidding the sale of this book an example set when "An American Tragedy," "The Plastic Age," and "Elmer Gantry" were barred has been followed.

Boston's system for insuring what H. L. Mencken calls "sanitary literature" is efficient to an extraordinary degree. The Watch and Ward Society, which enjoys all the power held by the Comstock Society of New York when its master was alive, works in close co-operation with the Boston Booksellers' Association. A mere cough of disapproval from the Watch and Ward officials is, it would seem, enough to cause panic among the booksellers. Forthwith they ban the book in question.

But the booksellers ought not, perhaps, to be censored too severely. "Bad Girl" happens to be about as licentious as an edition of "What Every Mother Should Know." Its theme is the experience of a young mother during pregnancy and the birth of her child, and the groping of two ignorant and inarticulate young people toward mutual understanding. There are, however, one or two passages which an arbitrary administration of the Massachusetts obscenity statutes might seize upon. The booksellers do not propose to test the law by risking prosecution.

What Will Lindbergh Do?

THERE seems to be a probability, but not a certainty, that Lindbergh may again fly to Europe this summer. What he is considering is quite a different plan from that of his swift flight to Paris. He has stated that he would like to test the feasibility of regular flying between North America and Europe by way of Greenland and Iceland. This would reverse the course of the American army officers under Lieutenant Smith on their return from their round-the-world flight of 1924. They made a stop at the Orkney Islands, two stops in Iceland, two in Greenland, one in Labrador, and thence flew to Nova Scotia.

Lindbergh's purpose is to gain information on the mooted question whether, for transatlantic aviation as a commercial possibility of the future, the more northern route with its greater number of possible stops is or is not preferable to the non-stop route from Newfound-

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land to Ireland. Press despatches state that our Navy Hydrographic Office does not recommend any flights farther north than the Newfoundland-Ireland Great Circle route.

Yet Lindbergh proposes a study of conditions—that is, not a stunt or exhibition flight, but something that will advance the knowledge and practice of aviation, a cause he has much at heart.

Unsuccessful as the Bremen's flight was in the exact performance of its plan, the very misadventures it met led to a thorough discussion of difficulties and how to overcome them. The way to advance air service is to keep on trying all along the line and to collate and deduce from all results (good or bad) a store of useful knowledge.

Rumors have appeared to the effect that Lindbergh's flight, if it comes off, will be in a Ford tri-motored plane and under Ford auspices. The army planes of 1924 had water-landing gear and were aided by navy cruisers which patrolled their "long jump." There is every reason why exploratory voyages should be safeguarded. Such flights do not seek the sensation of risking life unnecessarily.

Revolt in the D. A. R.

TWELVE members of two New Haven, Connecticut, chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution have resigned as a result of the ludicrous black list upheld by the National organization at its recent Washington Convention. Mrs. Irving Fisher, among the twelve, is the wife of the Yale economist who was named on the black list.

The revolt of the twelve means little or nothing as far as the D. A. R. itself is concerned. The Washington Convention demonstrated that the vast majority of the members are unanimous in their terror of Bolshevism and that they believe it advisable to agitate against all speakers suspected of having ideas in any form. It is, however, an opening wedge.

Most of the ladies resigned without making their explanations public. But Mrs. William Lyon Phelps, wife of the Yale professor, and Mrs. Joseph Whitney, daughter of the late Simon Newcomb, issued a joint statement. The National policy of the D. A. R., they said, amounted to "tyrannical suppression" of those who differ with the National organization on public questions. The success of such a policy would "crush the initiative and creative energy of the American people."

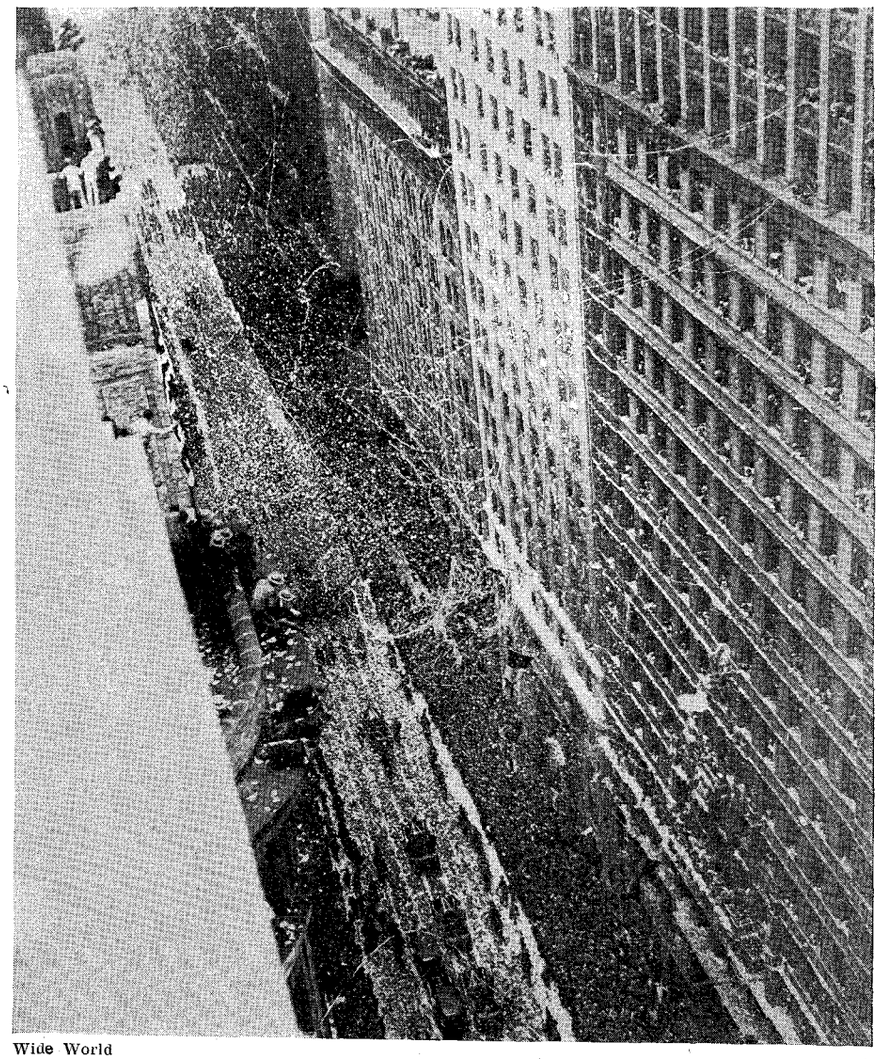
It is a little sad that these twelve ladies have been forced to withdraw from an organization in which membership has meant so much. It is far more sad, though, that only twelve have felt it necessary to do so. Once, or so the public believed, the ladies of the D. A. R. were all gallant ladies. Apparently there are but a dozen.

Where Workers and Owners Agree

ONE reason for the success of the Mitten Management plan, under which Philadelphia's street railways were saved from a deplorable financial and industrial state, is that the workers are part owners. A year ago The Outlook reported that they owned 220,000 out of 600,000 shares of voting stock. Another is that the compact under which joint committees of workers and employers adjust questions is not a sham, as some of the company unions are said to be by organized labor.

Now a new step has been taken. Collective bargaining and the right of being represented by men who need not be employees of a company have long been the two prime demands of labor. Lately the Mitten Management, in order to assure the workers of the latter power, have made an amicable arrangement with the Amalgamated Association of Electric Employees of America. This, by the way, is the same Federation of Labor body which the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City forbade its members to join. Local arrangements as to work and pay will go on as before. The corporation, however, agrees that in new properties to be acquired or operated by the Mitten Management in the future it will co-operate with the Amalgamated in the arbitration of matters as to which the request for such co-operation is asked for by two-thirds of the employees involved.

The agreement does not represent dissatisfaction with the plan the Mitten Management has carried out so notably



Wide World

A WELCOME TO THE BREMEN FLIERS, NEW YORK STYLE

Looking down on Broadway during the official welcome to the crew of the Bremen

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well, but provides a pact of peace as regards new traffic routes acquired by the company when the workers are already members of the Amalgamated.

One Philadelphia despatch even intimates that the move suggests that the Mitten Management wants to get control of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company in New York. Probably no such luck for New York!

England Disciplines Egypt

An ultimatum from London with a forty-eight-hour time limit has stopped the Egyptian Government from passing a measure Great Britain regarded as inimical to foreign interests. This was the so-called Public Assemblies Bill, which would have sanctioned political agitation in forms which the British authorities in Egypt refuse to countenance. Thus they have defined the limits of Egyptian independence under the British declaration of 1922, which reserved to Great Britain the security of communications of the British Empire in Egypt, the protection of foreign interests and minorities, the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression or interference, and the retention of the Sudan under British control.

Great Britain had despatched warships to enforce her ultimatum, but the Egyptian Premier averted trouble by withdrawing the bill.

When Egyptian Nationalists object that this is not independence, the British reply is that all the freedom they have Great Britain won for them from Turkey.

Colleges and Olympic Crews

In defeating Columbia in convincing fashion over the mile and a half of the Schuylkill River course in Philadelphia Yale proved itself well up to the high standard which has been Yale's for the past five or six years in rowing. It was particularly interesting to see the Yale crew aggressive at the start of the short race, for the Olympic trials, to be held over the same course in July, are at even a shorter distance, 2,000 meters. And the crew first to gain the lead at that distance is going to be mighty hard to catch.

If Yale manages to win out in the trials this year and then repeats abroad, it will be the first time in history that a single college will have twice won Olympic rowing honors and Ed Leader, Yale's coach, will be the first coach ever to have such double honors to his credit.

There is, apparently, to be a good deal of opposition. The general standard of the Eastern college eights, despite poor early weather for training, is high this year. Yale still has Princeton, Cornell, and Harvard between her and a clean sheet for the season.

Germany and the Davis Cup

Davis Cup tennis is bubbling at various points in the world the while that America is preparing for its second round in the American zone against China.

An interesting despatch from the other side of the Atlantic the other day chronicled the success of the German team in its first-round match of the European zone. Germany defeated Greece without too much trouble.

This is the first time since the war that the Germans have been back in

Reid in the Kansas City Star — Copyright, 1928

John Bull doesn't know where he's going, but he is on his way

Davis Cup play. In the years just preceding the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 German players were among the best in action and a German team played here in this country that season, doing very well in the preliminary rounds.

What if Science Can Control Heredity?

Heredity is the peg on which a number of biologists have hung some interesting and possibly significant experiments within the last few weeks. In fact, there is an undercurrent of feeling among scientists that much greater things are imminent in the world of living matter. Some have even ventured the statement that the year 1927, crammed with biological advances, will have proved to be fully as pivotal as 1859, when "The Origin of Species" was published. And the strides of 1927 have thus far continued into 1928.

Man's next great advance is likely to center around the understanding and control of that as yet mysterious thing called life. In the newspapers we have read how Dr. H. J. Muller, of the University of Texas, has speeded up evolution one hundred times by means of X-rays; how he recently suggested before the National Academy of Sciences that the cosmic ray, a kind of natural, super-X-ray which penetrates our bodies at all times, may have had something vital to do with evolution; and how Professor Harvey of Princeton, Professor Wood of Johns Hopkins, and Mr. Alfred Loomis of the Loomis Biophysical Laboratories have observed the peculiar action of the "super-sonic" waves (sound waves vibrating 400,000 times a second —far too fast to hear) upon living cells. In all these odd experiments the scientists are trying various outside, intangible, non-destructive agencies as a method of getting at the thing which controls heredity, the chromosomes in the heredity cells. If this can be done, what geneticists call mutations—sudden jumps in heredity—may be produced artificially and in large degree, and subsequent research may then teach us how to control these changes at will.

The experiments are being conducted on various animals—the convenient fruit fly is the biologist's favorite; but once the principle is worked out, it can be applied to the heredity cells of live stock. If our knowledge and sentiments permit, perhaps some day it may be applied even to human beings; for here some of us feel there is at least a little room for improvement. The scientific efforts to control heredity are boundless in their possibilities.

Horse Sense from the Shipping Board

In hitting squarely the recent proposal to establish a line of six 33-knot (38-mile) passenger steamers designed to cross the Atlantic in four days the Shipping Board has displayed publicly the knowledge of certain fundamental engineering principles which practically every technically trained person already possesses. The vessels would not have been able to maintain a sea speed of 33 knots on the power contemplated, the Board reports. There are other objections, largely economic, but they need not be named when this one is insuperable.

The energy required to drive a vessel increases at something like the third power of the speed desired, sometimes even more extravagantly, and we are

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already as close up against the optimum limiting speed of passenger ships as the railways have been for decades. Again, the stresses thrown upon a vessel's steel structure increase altogether disproportionately with speed when the vessel is hurled against large waves. While it has become customary to laugh at those who set a period to progress in speed or anything, the preponderance of practical opinion is overwhelmingly against the belief that 30 miles per hour can be far exceeded economically.

The airship, which is not so hampered by similar limitations as vessels plowing through a comparatively dense medium, threatens soon to take over the traffic of the "hurry-up" voyagers to and from Europe. All in all, it was not a psychological time to propose four-day liners. It is altogether probable that the Shipping Board's common sense will have put a quietus on such proposals for enough years to give the air navigators a chance to show what they can do.

Lynch-Law Suspended

THE United States has broken a record. It has now achieved a non-stop flight of four months in the general direction of civilization by refraining from lynching anybody over this period of time. James Weldon Johnson, Secretary of the National Association for the Improvement of Colored People, reports this interesting fact. Delay in lynching can probably be further increased by an effort to decrease delay in the law.

Mystery Men

ADMIRABLE though they are, Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, and even Andrew Mellon seem pretty dull figures beside Europe's most famous multi-millionaires—Sir Basil Zaharoff and Captain Albert Loewenstein, "men of mystery" both.

Sir Basil, of obscure Greek origin, not only sold munitions but, by means of E. Phillips Oppenheim intrigues in the Balkans and elsewhere, helped to create a lively demand for his wares. The diary which he destroyed a few months ago would, conservative European journals assured us, have shaken many thrones.

Captain Loewenstein, who had been living in comparative obscurity and twenty or so villas scattered over England, became famous overnight two years ago when he offered to lend his native country, Belgium, $50,000,000 for two years without interest. This offer was by no means unconditional, but the public did not know that, and it was

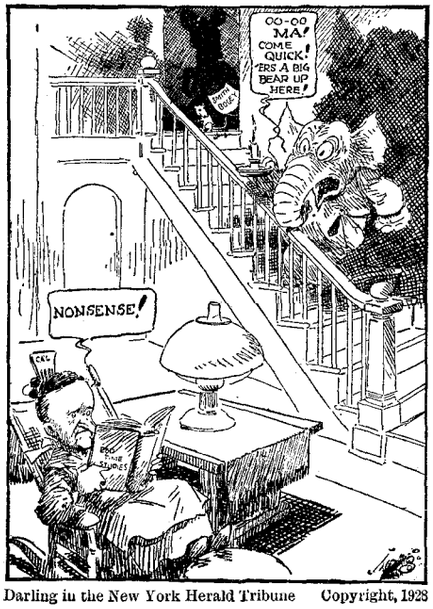
Darling in the Kansas City Star Copyright, 1928

Safety first

inevitable that they should reward what was apparently an unparalleled piece of generosity with the title, "man of mystery." Nor did he rest on his laurels. Before long France received his offer of a $50,000,000 loan at the nominal interest of two per cent. Again the conditions attached were undisclosed, and still the mystery grew.

The good Captain arrived at New York, after a voyage on which he spent $3,000 on radiograms, with an entourage of secretaries, private aviators, chauffeurs, and servants so impressive that the New York "Times," ever niggardly with its similes, headlined "Loewenstein Here Like a Potentate."

The "Times" and the other newspapers promptly received an official denial that Captain Loewenstein was either a "mystery man" or a "potentate" and a reminder that he was, first of all, a public-utility and an artificial-silk magnate. It was explained that the entourage was a business necessity.



Darling in the New York Herald Tribune Copyright, 1928

Skeered of a shadow

Certainly Captain Loewenstein is doing his best to lead a simple life here. In Europe he has a complete fleet of airplanes. Here he is touring to the Pacific coast in a single ten-passenger Fokker, leaving most of his aides in New York. In Biarritz alone he has eight villas. In New York he and his party are content with a single floor at the Ambassador, costing not more than $2,000 a day.

He will be a "mystery man" in the public eye until he dies, but behind the scenes he is probably just another exceptionally shrewd business man with a taste for luxury and display. One remark of his, though, indicates that his shrewdness extends beyond balance-sheets and earnings statements.

"The silk business," he said, "is the greatest in the world. Man is slave to woman, and woman is slave to silk."

Once in Ten Billion Years

ASTRONOMERS are beginning to wonder whether they should not feel awed by a current spectacle which, if correctly interpreted, is believed to happen on the average only once in ten billion years—the actual birth of a family of planets around a sun.

When word came from the antipodes some weeks ago that the southern star Nova Pictoris had apparently split in two, every other possible interpretation was put upon the advice, for it was not believed such an event would be likely to coincide with man's short comprehension—only twenty-four years, in fact—of such events. Subsequent observation now begins to confirm this remote explanation, though it takes on a somewhat different complexion. A star might flare up in the heavens as a new star, or "nova," because of an explosion, and such new stars do frequently appear. It is more remotely possible, however, that two stars might graze or nearly graze one another in passing too closely. In such a case it is known that a retinue of planets would be torn from one star or both by the tidal action of gravitation of the respective masses—torn away, of course, in incandescent liquid and gaseous form, to condense later—into separate knots, which would form the nuclei of future planets. This may actually be what the astronomers are now watching with such intense curiosity.

But the stars, thickly grouped as they

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appear to the eye and vastly thicker through a telescope, are really far, extremely far, apart. Thus the chances of the close approach of two of them are so low that it is demonstrable that it can occur no oftener, on the average, than once in ten billion years. This two-star cosmogony, by the way, is the starting-point of the modern "planetesimal hypothesis," which since its proposal in 1904 has absolutely killed off the old nebular hypothesis. Now the odd thing is that if planetary systems are so seldom given birth to, and if, as is now believed, our planetary system is four billion years old, one system of planets can become quite mature before another even comes into existence. How much time, then, has there been for such rarely occurring incidents between stars? Jeans, the famous Cambridge University astronomer, provides the answer: he estimates past duration at from five to ten thousand billion years. Oh, how insignificant a mere planet becomes; and man; finally, one man!

A Great Bank Assists Small Borrowers

THE plan of the National City Bank, the largest financial institution in the country, to make personal loans without collateral to salaried men and women is in line with modern banking philosophy. It has not been many years since all banks were objects of awe to the average citizen. They discouraged small accounts. The remark of the elder Morgan, that character is the best collateral, long applied only to millionaires or potential millionaires.

The Personal Loan Department, now being operated by the National City Bank, will make loans ranging from $50 to $1,000. Interest is fixed at 6 per cent and there are no service fees. All that is necessary is, first, that the borrower be employed, and, second, that he obtain two of his friends, also holding jobs, to indorse his note. One year is allowed for repayment, but weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly installments must be paid. These are to be deposited with the bank and interest at 3 per cent, compounded monthly, will be allowed on the deposits. Charles E. Mitchell, President of the National City, explains that this will encourage thrift. The whole plan is based on the desire of the institution to extend its facilities to persons of moderate means.

From a social point of view, it is clear, the plan is both fascinating and important. If, as is probable, other banks announce similar departments, a severe blow will have been struck at the loan sharks. That these still operate has been shown by recent investigations in New York. It will take some time, no doubt, to educate the public regarding this latest banking development. Ignorance will still send victims to the loan sharks. The idea is, however, simple, liberal, and fair. The public has accustomed itself to installment buying. In effect, the National City offers installment credit to men and women of character and reliability.

The Diesel Engine and the Motor Car

EVERY now and then one reads about the desirability of supplanting the gasoline engine of the motor car with the Diesel engine. This type of internal-combustion engine is already driving great passenger vessels of 25,000 tons and is costing even less for fuel than coal. A gasoline engine consumes twice as much liquid fuel as a Diesel engine—why not, then, double the road mileage of the motor car by changing to the equally dependable Diesel? In Germany, where gasoline is expensive, this already, to a small extent, is being done.

Every one knows how the ordinary gasoline engine draws into its carbureter a quantity of air which takes up the gasoline as it passes through toward the cylinders; also how this mixture is fired in the cylinders by means of an electric spark. The Diesel engine, on the other hand, receives an injected portion of cheap low-grade oil (costing only about five cents a gallon) together with the necessary air, and this mixture is ignited without any spark, merely by the heat engendered when it is highly compressed (just as a bicycle pump becomes hot). Heretofore, however, Diesels have been excessively heavy.

Within a short time these engines have been redesigned in far lighter form for driving motor cars. German, Italian, and American automotive engineers have made these applications, Dr. Elmer Sperry, of gyroscope fame, having done much of the American research, and even reduced the weight sufficiently to permit Diesel engines to be tried on airplanes. Not everything is in favor, however, of this cheap-powered engine; its speed is still low, it throttles down and accelerates but poorly, and it is not notably "flexible."

In short, the Diesel for motor cars is something to keep an interested eye on, for it doubtless has a future, but the change-over from gasoline is not expected here for at least a number of years.

Less Noise

ALTHOUGH we read a good deal about it in the newspapers, the promised day of arc-welded steel buildings has not yet arrived, and the machine-gun-like rat-tat-tat of the steel riveter still punctuates the life of the tormented city dweller. However, the first arc-welded through-truss railroad bridge has just been completed at Chicopee, Massachusetts, and locomotives are already passing over it. This may serve to encourage those who have longed to see the early and complete adoption of the similarly silent method of putting together steel buildings. Welded bridges—and welded buildings would be the same—are entirely without rivets; in fact, they are theoretically and actually a single piece of metal, no matter what their size or height, and there is no longer any question as to their strength and safety.

The recent report on noise by the National Safety Council of Chicago indicates that noise does have its effect on the well-being even of the most phlegmatic people.

Through a Dog's Perceptions

WHEN Fellow, the German shepherd dog which, it is said, understands over 400 words, was recently discovered and "done" by the press, the accounts bore trimmings which could hardly be regarded as safely scientific. The purely scientific record of psychological tests applied to him by Drs. C. J. and L. H. Warner, of the Animal Laboratory at Columbia, is now available, and, though somewhat delayed and admittedly less pleasing to dog lovers, or at least to sentimentalists, than the press accounts, it is authentic.

The two psychologists found the dog capable of obeying a wide variety of rather complicated commands, such as "Put your foot on the chair," "Go and take a walk around the room," and "Go and jump up on the table." In all, fifty-three of these commands were acted on by the dog whose understanding of spoken language seemed uncanny.

The psychologists then applied a new kind of test, concealing themselves behind screens when giving the commands. Everything now changed. It was discovered that the animal could execute correctly only ten per cent of the commands involving some movement of his body, though his ability to single out objects which he has evidently learned

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to associate with spoken words was more encouraging.

The psychologists came to the tentative conclusion that Fellow is a typical muscle-reader; he depends very largely on keen observation of minute unconscious movements made by those who command him. This will account for his sudden failure when dealt with from behind a screen. It seems probable, they report after considerable research, that dogs are about like man in their hearing; their vision for still objects is decidedly inferior; but their acuity with respect to moving objects is much greater; and that, as is well known, they depend largely on smell. It is not believed that dogs can distinguish colors. The full report is contained in the "Quarterly Review of Biology."

The Turbulent Mr. Heywood Broun

On Friday night of week before last, it is related, Mr. Heywood Broun, whose "It Seems to Me" column has long been a feature of the New York "World," was on his way home reading an early edition of his paper. He glanced at the headlines, read a theatrical review, looked at an editorial, and turned to the sporting pages. Being a newspaper man whose interest in reading his own writings had vanished years before, he did not look at the top of the page opposite the editorials.

Had he done so, he would have noticed a brief announcement in heavy-faced type: "The World has decided to dispense with the services of Heywood Broun. His disloyalty to this paper makes any further association impossible." And under this, appropriately enough, appeared a caption, "Out of a Clear Sky," and a humorous piece by Frank Sullivan, one of the "World's" funny men.

As it was, Mr. Broun did not hear of his dismissal until he reached his home and was informed by Miss Ruth Hale, his wife and a leader in the Lucy Stone movement, that reporters had been telephoning to know why he had been fired. Since then, probably because legal action is contemplated, both Broun and the "World" have been more or less silent. The cause of the row is not, however, a mystery. In a recent issue of the "Nation" had appeared a long article in which Broun said the "World" was not truly a liberal paper "because it switches front so much."

He said a good deal more, much of it dangerously frank and dangerously close to the truth. And the "World," apparently, could not endure criticism which smacked of insubordination. Its attitude toward Broun was already suspicious, perhaps, because this is not the first dispute between the columnist and his journal. Last August, when feeling on the Sacco-Vanzetti case was running high, the "World" declined to print several of Broun's columns. In these he had bitterly assailed those who called for the execution of the two men. Following this rupture, Broun began what he called "a strike" and what Ralph Pulitzer of the "World" termed "a witch's Sabbatical." It was then that he began writing for the "Nation" and for other magazines. But in the end he returned to the "World."

This time the break seems beyond hope, although it is not yet clear that "disloyalty" offers grounds for breach of the contract between Broun and the newspaper. In one brief statement, Broun has asked whether disloyalty might not mean "anything from robbing the till to sitting on Ralph Pulitzer's hat." Whether or not his article was "disloyal," it was certainly in bad taste. Broun was, when writing it, receiving his living from the "World."

Meanwhile there is a rumor, entirely without substantiation, that the Republican, conservative New York "Herald Tribune" may offer Broun a job. It will carefully explain, if it does so, that Broun's ideas do not reflect the attitude of the paper.

When Public Office Comes Too High

Fortunately, there still are men who are not ready to sacrifice or to modify their convictions for political expediency or to obtain high public office. One of them is Arthur M. Hyde, former Governor of Missouri, for whom the Republican nomination for United States Senator from that State virtually was held open for months.

Mr. Hyde, a consistent but not a rabid prohibitionist, repeatedly was urged to make the campaign. But there were conditions which, as his statement of refusal indicated, could not be accepted. Speaking of the political aspects of the situation, former Governor Hyde said:

"It is only frankness to say that my views on the liquor question do not agree with those of many of my party associates. Many 'wet' leaders have offered to support me, but have suggested a change in my views would better suit the sentiment of their constituents.

"I cannot change my views. In my observation, the most miserable of men is the candidate who professes a faith he does not believe. The Senatorship is not worth such a price. Straddling is equally abhorrent. It differs from the expression of insincere views only in that it attempts to deceive more people."

Run on a frank statement of his position? That course, the former Governor said, had been considered. But it probably would mean a serious rift in his party in the State, and "I owe the party too heavy a debt of gratitude to accept such a responsibility."

The Republicans of Missouri are casting about for an outstanding candidate for the Senatorial nomination.

A Mammoth Dictionary

After seventy laborious years, the tenth and last volume of the "New English Dictionary," commonly called the Oxford Dictionary, is on the press. It is not complete—no dictionary can be complete, for new words and new uses of words come up every year. Thus among the 411,047 words included the word "appendicitis" does not appear, as it had not come into use in 1888, when the other A's appeared. "Suffragette" got in, but "cubist" and "futurist" did not. A supplement is already under discussion.

For a long time people generally spoke of this work as Murray's Dictionary. Sir John Murray began with A in 1882, and lived to see U go to press in 1915. If ever a scholar toiled at a vast task, Dr. Murray was the man. He was a great philologist, and it is in philology that this dictionary excels. For instance, one word which takes only a few inches in an ordinary lexicon takes twenty-one columns in the Oxford Dictionary.

Not a little of the work was done by volunteers. Thousands of readers without pay collected 5,000,000 illustrative quotations from all English and American literature.

The work ends with the fine old word "zyxt." Those of our readers who know the meaning will also doubtless be able to define "wiffle," "yoop," and "whutter."

It is futile to measure in money terms the value of this monumental reference book and depository of the spoken and written language. That it cost over a million dollars means as little as that its columns of print if put in line would stretch nine miles. What is great about it is the scholarly devotion, patience, and thoroughness of the men who made it what it is.

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From Washington

Vetoes in the Making

WASHINGTON had what, in the commonly inaccurate parlance, is called a hectic week. The circus and the German-Irish fliers came to town. Those who could not see the circus saw the fliers, and those who could not see the fliers saw the circus. A good time was had by all—except, possibly, the President of the United States.

Mr. Coolidge is not now, if he ever was, happy. The House has passed the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill with the equalization fee, once blue-penciled out, restored. While the House majority was not, as the Senate majority was, sufficient to pass the bill over a veto, it was quite large.

The President's view-point on farm relief legislation is not changed. He is as much opposed to the present McNary-Haugen Bill as he was to its predecessor, which he vetoed. The effort to conciliate him by minor concessions has not succeeded. A Congress which thought that it could hoodwink Coolidge by changing tweedledee to tweedledum, or that the President would be willing thus to hoodwink the public, has had a revelation. The President has made it fairly clear that he will do no more and no less to this McNary-Haugen Bill than he did to the last one.

But, to add to his and their unhappiness, the President does not esteem at all highly the concession made by Senate and House to his wishes with regard to flood control legislation. Indeed, he regards it as no concession at all. He thinks that all the changes made in the Mississippi River Flood Control Bill from the beginning until now have made the bill as a whole worse instead of better.

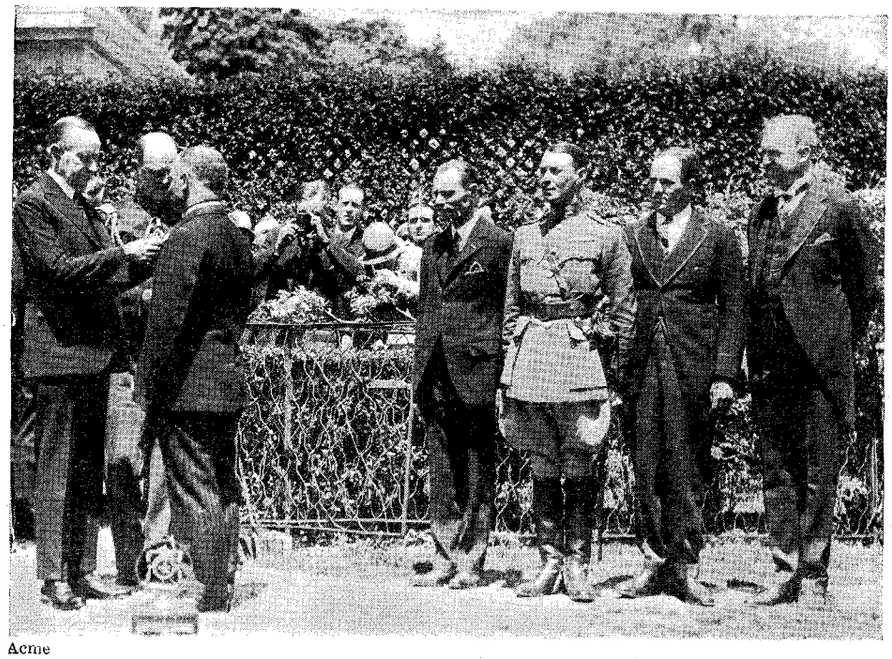
There, as matters now stand and are likely to stand, is veto number two. And neither veto is just the kind that a President, for his party's sake if not for his own, likes to write.

"We" in Snug Harbor

ALONG with the German-Irish fliers and the circus, there came to town "We." They were to go elsewhere in a little while; "We," who had negotiated the air above oceans, came to remain forever in a musty museum.

In plain words, Charles A. Lindbergh brought the Spirit of St. Louis to the Smithsonian Institution and left it there.

Lindbergh will make other conquests. The Spirit of St. Louis has made its last.



Acme

THE NATION PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE HEROES OF THE AIR

President Coolidge decorates the German-Irish fliers with the Congressional Flying Cross. They are, in the usual order, President Coolidge, Captain Koehl, Baron von Huenefeld, Major Fitzmaurice, F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation, and William P. MacCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aviation

But the law of compensation holds. Lindbergh may some time rest in a forgotten grave. That fate has come to many Americans for whom great throngs once shouted themselves hoarse. But, no matter what may happen to its pilot, the Spirit of St. Louis is safe. Until America is dead and the stones of its Capitol crumble Lindbergh's plane will transmit its thrill of patriotic fervor to young Americans.

Death is more secure than life.

Sinclair the Business Man

HARRY F. SINCLAIR, at last, has told his story of the Continental Trading Company profits, of which he received three-quarters of a million. His testimony before the Walsh Committee appeared to show that he regarded the bonds—in which the Continental profits were paid—as his own. He kept them in his private vault, clipped and cashed the coupons, and did not take the directors of his company into his confidence concerning them.

After the transaction was aired by the Senate Committee and by the courts, Sinclair turned over the bonds with interest to the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company, which, with the Standard of Indiana, paid the profits on the Continental Company deal. He appears not to have thought of doing so until public opinion had become aroused.

A great deal has been said, in connection with this case, about callousness to political obligations. Perhaps the disregard of business obligations involved is, after all, the more dangerous phase of the situation revealed.

A Tolerance Test

CAME to town, too, the word from Chicago that the Republicans of the First Illinois District had selected as their candidate for Congressman, to succeed Martin B. Madden, a Negro—Oscar De Priest. As the district is overwhelmingly Negro, his election is regarded as certain.

There are both Democrats and Republicans in Congress who are embarrassed, but of these the Republicans are the more embarrassed. The only place where Democratic Representatives are likely to have their sensibilities much shocked is the House restaurant, and there is nothing to prevent those who object to eating in the same room with a Negro from going elsewhere. But the Republicans will have the Negro in their cloak-room, in their caucus, and indiscriminately elsewhere.

But the Negro De Priest, when he comes to Congress, will, of course, attend strictly to his own business as a Congressman. He will prefer the food of that excellent Negro restaurant over on South Carolina Avenue. He will be too busy with his office and the floor to haunt the cloak-room.

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That, at least, will be the opportunity of the first Negro Congressman in twenty-seven years to serve his country, his race, and himself—and to shame some other people, not to mention party affiliations.

Walsh Underwrites Smith's Nomination

As nearly as anything political can be predetermined, the nomination of Alfred E. Smith by the Democrats at Houston is certain—and that, if not on the first ballot, as soon thereafter as certain favorite-son formalities shall have been complied with.

This was clearly forecast early in the week when the Committee on Arrangements for the Houston Convention, members of the Democratic National Committee, met in Washington. It was confirmed in full late in the week by the withdrawal of Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, from the contest. While Senator Walsh had no instructed delegates, he was the recognized candidate of, among other things, the McAdoo faction of the party. His withdrawal marks the complete collapse of that faction as a regular and recognized force. If it continues in the fight, it must wage guerrilla warfare.

Reed in the Rôle of Lone Wolf

With Walsh eliminated, there remains in organized form opposed to Governor Smith's nomination little but the candidacy of Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri. Reed has said that he is in the race to stay, and he believes that the issue as between himself and Smith is clear-cut. He thinks that if Smith is nominated the wet issue will be paramount, with all others obscured. He believes that if he himself is nominated the wet issue will be ignored, while Jeffersonian Democracy and purity in Government will be the paramount issues. It will be for the party to choose at Houston, he thinks, one or the other of these positions for the battle of 1928.

It is difficult to see how the scattered forces opposed to Smith can rally on Reed. It is not possible to vision any Democrat who was identified with President Wilson's work as doing anything for love of James A. Reed.

The only theory on which Reed can be regarded as a serious contender is that the Convention will be made up largely of men so prejudiced against Smith's religion or so antagonistic to all things Tammany that they would embrace their dearest enemy in order to defeat a man for whom they have no personal dislike.

Harmony—or Disruption

Following Smith's smashing victory in California, one of the Reed leaders there declared that he had been retained by a number of prominent politicians to take the lead in setting up the machinery for a third party. Senator Reed disowned any connection with the movement, but did not say, so far as known, that he would support Smith if nominated. The California man, Wilbur Legette, made overtures to Josephus Daniels, who flatly refused them, to accept from a third party the nomination for Vice-President.

Observers back in Washington from the West report considerable inclination toward a third party in case Smith and Hoover are nominated. It might include dry Democrats, McNary-Haugen Republicans, and possibly some other elements of both parties. Because of his foreign policies, Senator Borah falls short in power of appeal to Democrats of the Wilson school. If there is to be a bolt at Houston, it is likely to find its candidate east and south of Idaho.

The small Democratic gathering in Washington was harmonious enough.

Claude G. Bowers was, without opposition, selected as Temporary Chairman and keynoter, and other minor details were arranged without friction.

Twice—at the Jackson Day dinner and at the meeting of the Committee on Arrangements—the Democrats have come harmoniously through an ordeal where disaster was predicted. Houston is the only hurdle left. Possibly, the Democratic Party has done with disunion.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

WHO is to replace the American member of the bench of the World Court? John Bassett Moore's resignation in order to devote himself to the codification of international law has raised an international question of which we shall hear a great deal more before the annual meeting in September of the Assembly of the League of Nations. At that gathering the question must be settled. Shall there be an American successor, or shall some other nation have Judge Moore's seat?

From Geneva comes the news that Germany may take steps to have a German jurist chosen. Not only has Germany joined the League and taken her place on its Council, but she is the only one of the Great Powers to have signified unconditional acceptance of compulsory arbitration by the Court. That gives her a strong and valid claim to consideration when she shows a desire to have a German judge elevated to its bench.

The United States does not even adhere to the Court. Yet the only alternative so far to the possible selection of a German candidate is the suggestion of the name of Charles Evans Hughes. If he would consent to nomination, the opinion at League headquarters is that he would be Judge Moore's successor. And undoubtedly the appointment of Mr. Hughes would do a great deal to further the movement for American membership in the Court.

EUROPE cannot do without Hollywood. American motion pictures have just won a test of strength in France which is likely to have an effect on the market for films from the United States all over the Continent.

The French Government has been seeking—at the instance of the French film industry—both to restrict the number of American pictures to be imported into France and also to secure an agreement which would have forced American companies to buy one French film for every four American films admitted into France. Rather than submit to this ruling, the American companies resolved to quit France. They were supplying two-thirds of all motion pictures shown in the country. They stopped the release of films to French theatres and actually prepared to withdraw Charlie Chaplin from his thousands of French admirers. Wails began to arise from theatre goers and owners.

Meanwhile Will Hays—admittedly an expert fixer of difficult situations—was conferring in Paris with the French officials.

The time came for termination of business. The American firms told nearly 10,000 French employees that their services would no longer be needed. The demonstration was complete. A howl went up that the French Government heard. It decided to abandon its "four-to-one" quota for the exchange of films. Instead, its Cinema Control Com-

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mission made a ruling that up to two-fifths—perhaps one-half—of the number of films imported from America last year might come in free of restriction. Beyond that, for each film produced in France by an American company seven films made in the United States might be imported. The American representatives came to an agreement on this basis—which, after all, guaranteed certain concessions to France—and Will Hays sailed with the courteous wishes of spokesmen of the French industry for friendly co-operation between the interests of the two countries.

The effort of France to limit motion-picture imports from America was a trial of the ability of European groups to withstand the immense preponderance of strength of the American industry. Its failure forecasts the abandonment of similar attempts planned in other European countries which have been eagerly watching the outcome.

How strong the militarist organizations were in Germany until recent months, when the Government began determined action against these secret orders, a murder trial in Berlin lately has shown. It concerned the killing of a man accused of "treason" to the nationalist cause of these clandestine monarchists, and it revealed another operation of their vengeance tribunals known as the "Feme." Testimony of former leaders showed that they executed self-determined private death sentences against fully two hundred victims.

The commanders of these sinister forces have been trying to maintain that they were connected closely with the regular army, while the high officers of the army have been equally energetically attempting to repudiate any relation to them.

Naturally, a menace that has been brought out into the light is no longer dangerous. But the whole affair is significant of the state of Germany after the war.

Amir Amanullah of Afghanistan, after a short stop in Warsaw, has arrived in Moscow. And the Communist diplomatists—following a precedent set by their best of all authorities, Lenine, in a letter he wrote to the Amir in 1921—have welcomed him as "Your Majesty." So have begun the ceremonies in the last visit of his European tour, which constitutes a critical contrast to his stay in London.

Between British India and Soviet Turkestan, Afghanistan in mountainous central Asia forms a buffer state. Across it Great Britain and Russia have long faced each other in rivalry. And the welcomes to the ruler of Afghanistan in London and Moscow are new moves in an old rivalry. It is said that Afghan officials wish to have a railway spur run south from the Russian terminus in Turkestan to the Afghan border town of Herat, and that is a project which Great Britain has opposed because it would bring Russia one step closer to the northern frontier of India. Afghan wars have given her trouble enough on that frontier without having Soviet Russia directly linked up with Afghanistan.

Amanullah will find Moscow able to make an impressive show of Soviet strength. The revolutionary May Day parade in the Red Square before the Kremlin demonstrated that. What was most significant in the reports of that parade was, not the account of the regiments of the Red Army—all familiar enough—but the description of the march of thousands of armed and trained civilians, partisans of the proletarian revolution. The official Communist organ, the "Pravda," boasts that the Soviet Government can now count upon over 1,000,000 members of the Communist Party, 2,000,000 Communist youth, and 10,000,000 members of the Labor Federations. A proposal has been made to repeat something of the May Day spectacle for the Amir Amanullah.

Acme

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED VISITOR WELCOMED TO NEW YORK

Prince Ludovico Spada Potenziani, Governor of Rome, and Mayor Walker riding through New York, where the Prince is making a visit

Mustapha Kemal has taken another dramatic step in modernizing Turkey by abandoning the complicated scrollwork of the Arabic alphabet and adopting instead an alphabet beginning with A and ending with Z. In fifteen years, the Turkish National Assembly has ordered, use of the Western alphabet is to be obligatory. In the meanwhile a new dictionary will make it possible to teach the easier system of reading in the schools.

The difficulty of the Arabic alphabet is held largely responsible for illiteracy in Turkey. It takes a child from four to ten times as long to learn the Arabic system of writing as to learn Latin letters.

Back in 1908, at the time of the Young Turk Revolution, there began the movement to reform the writing and printing of the language to which the Nationalist Government has now given official authority. Artistic and religious objections have been urged against it, but reasons of intelligence and efficiency are in its favor. The sounds of the Turkish language can be indicated by Latin letters, so that the obstacles which have stood in the way of desires to simplify the writing of other Oriental languages—particularly Chinese and Japanese—are not encountered here. Apparently, the way is being made in Turkey for the mixed blessings of the typewriter and typesetting machine.

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Christ and the Codes

PREACHING to the Jewish congregation of the Free Synagogue at Carnegie Hall, New York, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes recently reiterated comparisons he had already made before his own congregation of the Community Church between Judaism and Christianity. On the same day Rabbi Samuel Schulmann, of the Congregation Emanu-El, replied, making comparisons of his own. Arguments concerning the relative merits of various religions are possible only when a religion is considered as a group of beliefs, or of moral standards, or of modes of worship, or all three. In early Hebrew history the argument was about modes of worship and consisted in tearing down altars and even putting worshipers to the sword. In modern times argument has been chiefly over beliefs, and has sometimes taken the form of persecution for infidelity or heresy. But in the discussion of Dr. Holmes and Dr. Schulmann argument was directed to questions of moral standards and—in accord with the best contemporary manners—was, of course, confined to words.

Dr. Holmes maintained that Christianity had in Jesus incomparably the greatest of moral teachers, that Christianity accepted the Jewish law of righteousness but added to it the new virtue of love, and that Christianity took the limited and racial outlook of Judaism and made it universal. Rabbi Schulmann, on the other hand, held up Moses as greater than Jesus, set forth the commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself" as a part of the Jewish law, and asserted, on the authority of Professor Moore, that the Jews were the only people who had conceived of a universal religion.

An *impasse* is the inevitable end of such a discussion. Each disputant finds himself in a blind alley. Along the line of this kind of argument there is no thoroughfare.

Codes, like creeds and rituals, may serve to unite individuals into groups; but they also serve equally to divide groups from one another. It is because men have identified their moral codes, as well as their creeds and their modes of worship, with religion that they have made religion a cause of dissension. They have raised their codes like banners to be fought under. They have made the observance of one code or another a test by which to divide themselves into hostile groups. Like every other convention, a code may be very useful as a necessary social convenience, and even as a common measure of progress; but, when it is elevated to the position of an essential in religion, it produces stagnation, intolerance, uncharitableness, and contention.

And the effect of a code as an essential of religion is equally deadening whether it be a Jewish code or a Christian code. From the deadening effect of the old Jewish code men attempted to escape by accommodating the code to human weaknesses. The result was the tithing of mint, anise, and cummin. And from the deadening effect of the Christian code men have attempted to escape by devising a method of paying off old scores or even making advance payments. And the result has been indulgences, penances, and mourners' benches or their equivalent.

If there is anything plain in the New Testament, it is that Jesus repudiated this idea that religion should be identified with any code—new or old. To him life was not a scrupulous observance of regulations; it was rather a high adventure. Did that mean a lowering of moral aim? On the contrary, it was an immeasurable raising of it. Have you kept all the rules? What does that matter? Sell all and become his follower with all that may mean of risk and reward. Do you stick by the old commandments? Well, here is a new one—hate your father and mother. The very extravagance of statement ought to make clear how little store he laid by rules of any kind. If you catch his spirit, you will have no trouble with the codes.

Dangerous? Surely. Those who fear danger had better stick to the codes and be safe. ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

The Right of Protest

SECRETARY OF STATE KELLOGG has sent to a Federal Court in New York City an affidavit declaring that there is no such thing as United States marine rule in the Republic of Nicaragua. Everybody will be disposed to give full faith and credit to Mr. Kellogg's sworn statement.

But what has that to do with the right of persons who believe that there is such a thing as marine rule to protest against it by attaching a yellow sticker to the few letters that they chance to send through the United States mail? Stickers on letters have little effect, anyhow—hardly enough to justify the Secretary of State in making affidavits.

Secretary Kellogg's affidavit was made in support of the action of his fellow Cabinet member, Postmaster-General New, whose action in barring from the mails letters bearing stickers inscribed "Protest against Marine Rule in Nicaragua" is on trial. The All-American Anti-Imperialist League sought an injunction to get rid of the Postmaster-General's ruling.

The question is, of course, for the Court to decide. But, as a question of common sense and not of law or evidence, why should a man, if he wants to waste his time, be denied the right of protesting against something which does not exist?

"Dry Agents Stumped"

A New York paper tells of the discovery of a new method of making an alcoholic beverage from cocoanuts. The discovery is said to worry dry agents.

Herbert Hoover says that the Eighteenth Amendment was "far-reaching in purpose." Certainly it was. But we do not believe, and never have believed, that its purpose reached so far as to call for the stationing of a dry agent under every fruit-bearing tree or beside every berry bush.

If enforcement of the dry law were confined to the suppression of the commercialized liquor traffic, the agents of that law would have considerably less reason to confess themselves stumped.

To transfer our metaphor from agriculture to angling, let them get after the whales and leave the minnows alone.

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Sunday Morning at "Roxy's"

By EUGENE BONNER

IF Mr. Rothafel keeps on at his present rate, he's going to have a great deal to answer for, because if he doesn't watch out he will find that he has become a full-fledged musical impresario, ready to meet all comers and, what's more, able to hold his own with the best of them.

We refer to the series of Sunday morning concerts this really extraordinary man has instituted at his Gargantuan temple of motion pictures this past season.

Owing to circumstances over which we had imperfect control, the concert last Sunday morning, the twenty-sixth and last of the series, was the first we had managed to attend. Eleven-thirty of a Sabbath morning is not altogether an auspicious hour to set forth to listen to music, and the added difficulty of extricating one's self from the tanglefoot seductions of the Sunday editions militates seriously against the desire to attend these concerts.

Now the astute Mr. Rothafel, not only offers an absolutely first-class concert at ridiculously low prices, but—and here's the clever move—he allows any and all who may have attended the concert to remain for the entire "presentation" which follows, consisting of the feature motion picture and the ballets, jazz numbers, etc., that constitute the regular program of the week. Human beings dearly love to think they're getting something for nothing, and if you pay your thirty-five cents for a balcony seat or your dollar ten for one on the orchestra floor for the concert, all the rest is added unto you.

The concert last Sunday, under the musical direction of Erno Rapee, consisted of an all-Wagner program comprising the "Meistersinger" overture, the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde," the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre," the Preludes to Acts Three and One of "Lohengrin," and the overture to "Tannhäuser."

The entire program was beautifully done, particularly the Prelude and "Liebestod," and the selection from "Die Walküre." The orchestra gave testimony of the good training it has had this last year, playing with precision and fine tone-quality, and, most important of all, demonstrated the fact that another orchestral organization of the first class has arrived to take the place of the New York Symphony Orchestra, recently deceased.

When it is taken into consideration the amount of work this orchestra has to do each day, and the paucity of time available for the rehearsing of such a program as the one above mentioned, the results achieved are little short of miraculous. We have heard many concerts by famous organizations both here and in Europe that lacked a great deal of measuring up to this particular one given by Roxy's orchestra.

Photograph by Edward T. Monroe

Erno Rapee, Conductor of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra

That Mr. Rothafel is most fortunate in having such a conductor and trainer as Erno Rapee is obvious, and it is most agreeable to be able to hear this fine musical director conduct music other than compositions of the popular or semi-classic variety which of necessity composes the programs for the regular "presentations" at this theatre.

Perhaps it will be through Mr. Rothafel and his symphony concerts that the hard and bitter road of the American composer will be made easier. With twenty-six concerts a year, it ought to be quite possible to try out some of the shorter orchestral works of native composers. If this can be done, "Roxy" will have earned the lasting gratitude of that unfortunate stepchild of the musical world, the American Composer, and will have constituted himself a National benefactor.

Among the many compositions of importance given this first season may be listed the Beethoven Fifth Symphony and the "Leonore" overture, the Tschaikowsky Sixth Symphony (the "Pathétique") and the same composer's "Nutcracker Suite," the Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor with Percy Grainger as soloist, Mozart's "Figaro" overture, and works of Johann and Richard Strauss, MacDowell, Smetana, Meyerbeer, Massenet, Puccini, Gounod, Schubert, Rachmaninoff, Borodin, Brahms, and others.

The list of soloists comprised, among others, such well-known names as Margaret Matzenauer, Dusolina Giannini, Sophie Breslau, Johanna Gadski, Louis Graveure, Rudolph Ganz, and Percy Grainger. Altogether a brave array of composers and interpreters.

Mr. Rothafel in a short speech after the concert touched on the difficulties of preparing and giving these concerts, as well as the reluctance of some of the big artists who were approached in regard to appearing in a "movie theatre," qualms he hoped had now been allayed, considering the distinguished soloists who have been appearing with his organization. He further stated that he in no way wished to challenge comparison with the big orchestral organizations of the country.

As a matter of fact, whether or not this "impresario" wishes to invite comparison with other orchestral organizations, comparisons will be and are being made, and the Roxy Symphony Orchestra emerges with its flags flying.

Let the good work continue, and who knows but that with the help of "Roxy" the American composer, in spite of the never-ending flood of foreign conductors that rule our symphony orchestras at present, may yet get his place in the sun!

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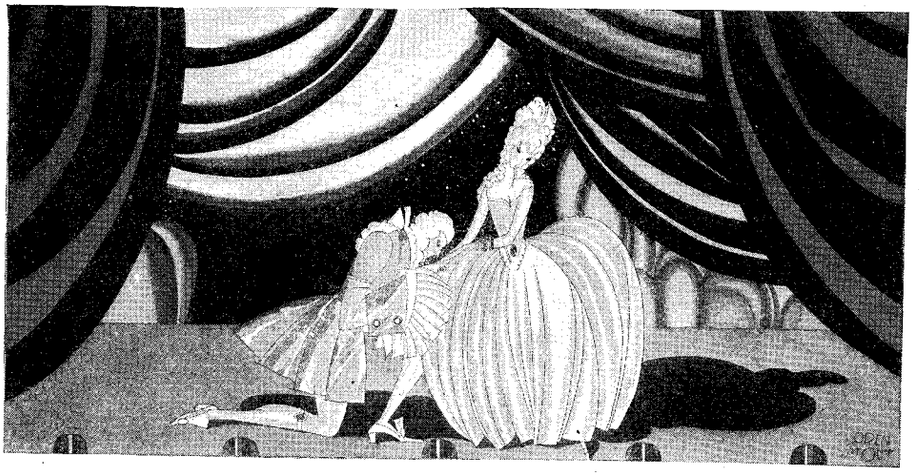
Melodrama—Old and New



IT is seventy years since "Ten Nights in a Barroom" first saw the gaslights. We suppose this must be one reason why the play has been revived — the other, no doubt, being prohibition. Certainly, no one can see this lively old melodrama without doing some hard thinking. Evidences of the tar brush of the propagandist are all over it. It is a tract. But it is also a genuine melodrama of the heartstrings with a curious punch, and somewhere in it a dramatic sincerity which makes it impossible for you to laugh it all off.

We had almost forgotten the terrible drunkard, the drunkard's wife and the drunkard's daughter, and Simon Slade the innkeeper, the innkeeper's son and the innkeeper's wife, and Harvey Green, with his black mustache and his black felt hat. Do you remember the dreadful ruin of the drunkard's life? The descent into Avernus which took place in Simon Slade's barroom, through all the twenty years that elapsed between the night when the drunkard's little daughter sang, "Father, dear father, come home with me now," to the last remarkable scene in Mr. Morgan's happy home, from which the Demon Rum has been forever banished?

Well, as produced by Kathleen Kirkwood at Wallack's Theatre the old story is sincerely done. There's a minimum of burlesque and, to our mind, the genuine values of the piece are excellently preserved. It provides a most strange evening. New York's most sophisticated audiences come to laugh, and find, it is true, plenty to grin over. But many and many a scene in the show is sincerely written, and possesses the same power that it always did. So that while Park Avenue laughs over the dreadful results of rum, it also finds great satisfaction in hissing the villain, just as Harvey Green, the gambler, always was hissed. It is intensely amused by the curious combination of musical comedy and melodrama which results from the introduction of the old-fashioned songs. Yet its laughter is stilled when Morgan, the slave of drink, sings the pathetic ballad which constitutes his lament over his failure in life. Again, little Mary Morgan's tearful plea to her father, in their poverty-stricken attic, "Father, don't leave little Mary tonight"—while this moment is about as absurd as anything you can imagine, there still remains, nevertheless, enough genuine, human emotion in the scene to make the audience a little doubtful as to whether to laugh or to weep; and the drunkard's fearful delirium tremens—the model, we suppose, for every scene in the last seventy years in which green monsters crawl across the floor—this scene still contains almost as much horror as "The Silent House."

The result is a play worth seeing, if merely for reasons of curiosity. Indeed, when the final curtain falls, it doesn't take much reflection to realize that you have been seeing what is probably one of the most effective instruments for influencing the human mind written in the last century. One can visualize it as so much greater than any of the Billy Sundays of our day that wherever it went and was accepted as literally true by a populace unaccustomed to having its emotions worked upon by dramatic concoctions—wherever it went, prohibition resulted and rum became the enemy of society. To see it now is to see something as truly representative of certain phases of the American scene as anything still extant.

IF we are to judge by Mae West's "Diamond Lil," the art of delivering the melodramatic punch has fallen off woefully since the days of "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Weak curtains, uncertain climaxes, and cloudy writing characterize Miss West's new play. It is supposed to be a representation of life in Jordan's saloon on Chatham Square in New York City thirty years ago. And here are the usual prostitutes, Salvation Army men, cabmen, waiters, politicians, and crooks, all being just as hard-boiled as they possibly can be, but convincing nobody—if we can judge from ourselves.

We spent most of the evening listening to Mae West saying, in effect: "We are all very bad, bad boys and girls here, and people who are good are just cowards who don't dare do the terrible, awful things that we, the bad people, dare to do. And so they try to stop us, and talk mealy-mouthed at the same time. Come on now, everybody, we are all bad, very bad, here. Wickedness is the only excitement, and the adventure of life is nothing without excitement, so let's be just badder and badder."

You will be amazed to know that nothing evil occurs after all this conversation. There's just one kiss in the play, and nobody seduces anybody, at least so far as we could observe, and the best that is produced in the way of gilded sin is a large gilt swan bed, imported, we are told, from Paris by the very bad saloon owner for the delectation of his very bad mistress. Meanwhile, every one was very satirical about slumming parties which wore monocles and stared superciliously at the honest bad people of the Bowery.

Oh, well, it's just absurd, that's all. The kind of mentality that can believe it and get a kick out of it must be about fourteen years old. As an unfurler of the banner of immorality and a cheer leader for the delights of wickedness, Mae West is not our choice. And yet she has a distinct personality, real ability as an actress, and if some one should write her a genuine, honest hard-boiled play she might be a knock-out. Doing alluring wickedness, she's simply miscast.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Bill

THIRTY years ago, before the century had quite made the turn, Bill was born.

His mother was certain he had the elements of greatness in his make-up. Almost from the hour he was born he kept his footing with an uncanny sense of balance. His knees wabbled surprisingly little for so young a colt, and he learned early the trick of sniffing the wind for excitement. The truth was, he gave every indication of being a born fire-engine horse.

It was not long before his mother's hopes were justified. At an age when most young horses have not yet learned to keep away from matches young Bill, snorting smoke and brimstone, was leading the village procession to the newest blaze. He was a hero; the town would have burned down without him. If he ever thought about the future, he saw only himself, a bigger and braver animal, leading even longer processions to much greater fires. But the century then was still young.

Fifteen years ago a newcomer moved into Bill's home town. Soon after there came a night of terror and bewilderment for Bill. The fire alarm sounded, and nothing happened. Excitement rose slowly on the air, and Bill began to breathe hard and heavily. No one noticed him. His great hoofs pawed the floor—he lifted his head high with impatience and whinnied. The excitement now had risen to the bursting point. Why didn't they come for him?

Then he heard the snort of his successor. The newcomer—a monster without head, without thundering hoofs or racing blood, a creature of steel and red paint, with the sickening scream of a great insane bird—this Thing was leading that greatest of all processions!

The next day Bill was taken out by his new master. Until then he had thought of men, not as masters, but as followers. But in one night he had become a bewildered animal, and was now to be taught a new profession. He was no longer to sniff the wind for that sharp, exhilarating breath of burning. He was no longer to dash madly around well-known corners or swerve expertly at sudden obstacles. He must learn now to walk patiently down the streets of his once admiring town, dragging behind him a cart full of refuse. However, gallantry was part not only of his pride; it was in his blood and spirit. He soon learned that he was a valued member of the street-cleaning department. As time went on, he doubtless consoled himself with the reflection that it was only natural for the young radical to develop into the middle-aged conservative. He accepted life.

But only yesterday another newcomer invaded Bill's domain. A motor street-cleaner came tooting into town, and Bill, aged thirty, after twenty-odd years of service to his community, became once more only a bewildered and suspicious animal, up for sale.

By the time summer comes, Bill may yet recover from this most recent shock; he may console himself with the thought that a gentle and inevitable return to earth is the happy development of age. For Bill was sold to a farmer, the newspapers report, for one dollar.

Seeing

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago a young woman got a job as cleaning woman in one of the large office buildings in New York. In the twenty years since only one thing besides dirt has excited her eye—her weekly pay envelope with its promise of security and independence.

The other day, however, she found herself unable to go on with her job. Perhaps from daily stooping, perhaps from too much scrubbing, there was a pain in her side. With every effort the breath was beaten from her body. How was she to clean offices? She was getting to be an old woman; she had better send for the doctor.

The doctor looked at the old woman, and told her she had sciatica. He looked about at the two rooms, at the bareness and cleanliness and poverty, and told her she would be better off in a hospital. She made no complaint. Painfully, she got ready to go to the hospital, where she arrived dazed and clinging to a newspaper bundle. In spite of her suffering, she held to the newspaper bundle as though it were a baby, safe only in her arms—as though she held a treasure so fragile that it would be destroyed by any touch but hers. They managed finally by coaxing, by promises, to take it from her, though after she had relinquished it she seemed strangely to collapse and to lose what few words she had.

It was a peculiar looking bundle. Those in charge of it were filled with curiosity, and decided finally to find out what the contents were. They carefully removed the newspaper, and found under that a second covering of an old and worn towel. Under the towel was a third covering, this time a cheap, oilcloth shopping bag, made for plain service. Inside the bag they found the treasure. They counted it. It came to eleven thousand dollars, in ten and twenty dollar notes. This was news! Next day the papers all carried the story. It was a good story, good enough to follow up. Reporters went to the hospital and arranged themselves about an iron bed in one of the wards, and asked the patient intimate and admiring questions. Gradually it was made clear to her bewildered mind what had happened. One question did more than that. It shed a ray of light so penetrating that the old woman, in spite of pain, sat up suddenly in bed, and faced her tormentors. The question was natural enough: "Why didn't you keep all that money in the bank? You'd have gotten much more out of it that way."

Her voice shaking with fury, the old woman turned on them. "Now you see what you've done," she accused them, "meddling in other folks' private business! Now I'll have to put it in the bank, or every bum in the neighborhood'll be after it. Nobody ever knew till now I had that money, and it was all mine. I worked for it, and I cleaned for it, and it's all I've got. You want to know why I didn't put it in the bank? Well, I'll tell you. I wanted it where I could look at it—where I could see it. It'll be no good to me now."

The abashed reporters slunk off one by one. There was really very little for them to do, for the patient was leaving the hospital. She asked for her clothes, her discharge, and then hobbled to the office for her bundle. It was too late, they said. The office had closed for the evening. She would have to call again in the morning. But, strangely enough, she made no outcry or complaint. The bundle was no longer in her hands. One place was as good as another. It would be no longer where her eyes, that had so little else to look at, could see it.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Man Who Laughs"

THE capacious pockets of Mr. Carl Laemmle must be quite a bit lighter in consequence of his newest Universal production; but, no matter what he spent to film "The Man Who Laughs," the venture should be well rewarded.

Here is an ideal story for the screen—moving, thrilling, and alive; a story which, for all its stark horror, is presented with such intelligence that it becomes at once a great human drama and a real historical document. So impressively convincing is "The Man Who Laughs" that one is tempted to conjure up a vision of Paul Leni, its director, holding midnight conferences with the shade of Victor Hugo, and emerging therefrom with the most enlightened conception of an author's ideals ever gained by a director.

For the most part, Mr. Leni's technical accomplishment ranks alongside his perceptive grasp of the subject; some of the scenes are overlong and on two or three occasions the complicated story gets out of hand. Exactly the same criticism, however, could be made of Victor Hugo's own treatment of the subject; so let's not hold these things against Paul Leni; the movies have tried improving on the world's greatest literature many times, and with notably direful results.

Mr. Leni has assembled a great company of skillful players to act out his play, chiefest among whom is Conrad Veidt, who does Gwynnplaine. The feat which this actor performs is awe-inspiring: his mouth set in its terrible, perpetual grin, he registers every known emotion with his eyes and the muscles of his brow. If at times the grin sets your nerves on edge, remember that without it there'd be no story.

"The Man Who Laughs" does something which only a very, very few movies have ever done before: it transfers the work of a great genius untarnished to the screen. It's a big forward step for the films, and we respectfully salute the men who made it.

"Glorious Betsy"

ONE thing may be said of the second of Warner Brothers' talking films: it's a much better picture than "Tenderloin," the first one. In "Glorious Betsy"

Dolores Costello impersonates Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, Maryland, and Conrad Nagel does Jerome Bonaparte, of Paris, France. They meet, marry, and are separated by that hard-hearted brother of Jerome's, who had other matrimonial plans for him. The first part of the picture, which deals with the courtship and marriage of the famous lovers, is very well done. Miss Costello looks beautiful, and her capable leading man is at his best as the spirited young Frenchman.

The Vitaphone makes itself heard about half-way through the picture, when Captain Bonaparte is introduced by his aides to all those persons who had thought him a French teacher. To this scene it adds undoubted interest. It is also used at this point to record the singing of the "Marseillaise" by a former opera singer (André de Segurola), who has a part in the picture; and this, too, gets across in a very satisfactory manner.

From then on the picture itself deteriorates frightfully; Mr. Nagel's pleasing insouciance turns to mock heroics and Miss Costello begins spilling glycerine. Pasquale Amato appears on the scene as Napoleon, and gives a performance which is positively heartrending to admirers of his once magnificent acting on the opera stage. The whole thing, in a word, goes blooey.

This may have had something to do with the impression created by the Vitaphone when it decided to tune in again; but we don't think so. It was like this: young Mrs. Bonaparte, deserted by her husband and having discovered that she has a Great Secret, is back in Baltimore again, sitting with her old black mammy in the garden. The Vitaphone is thrown into low, and Miss Costello, in a hoarse, rasping snarl, announces that she is getting pretty sick of the way the neighbors are panning her, right to her face. The old mammy replies, in reassuring vein, and it's all perfectly dreadful.

After seeing "Tenderloin," we ventured the opinion that abstract criticism of the talking movie must be postponed until the talking part should be subjoined to a better picture. That has now occurred; and we feel moved to say that the device contributes absolutely nothing whatever to a screen story, except a lot of unnecessary canned noise—of which the world has quite enough already.

If they can ever make anything of it except an occasionally useful adjunct to short features, or to create off-stage effects, it will be because they have made a lot of hitherto unheard-of improvements in it.

Until then silence in the films is requested, for the benefit of those who have retired.

"Partners in Crime"

THE Wallace Beery-Raymond Hatton series of movie comedies was beginning to show such alarming signs of spavin, spring-halt, and malnutrition that it's a pleasure to find the two funmakers in such a good picture as "Partners in Crime." Of all the screen teams, they are the best, and in this burlesque crook melodrama they are actually helped, not handicapped, by their material. One outstanding excellence in the film is the leisurely pace at which it is played; there are no "fast and furious" sequences and no straining after comedy effects. The story unfolds, and the effects just happen.

A big contract at a greatly improved figure, a box of cigars, and, maybe, one of the Publix Theatres should be presented to the man who titled "Partners in Crime." His captions are almost uniformly good for a chuckle and some of them are uproarious. We hope he's appreciated in Hollywood and that his efforts will raise the tone of his despised profession to the point where they'll either be funny or give up trying.

We recommend "Partners in Crime" as a notable achievement in the comedy field. Put it on your list.

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Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE had never thought that politeness could go too far. Even the politeness that is from the teeth outward has value as a gesture. But the politeness of the slot machine which says, "Thank you!" in a sepulchral voice when you drop two or three nickels into its iron maw seems to us a little excessive. We saw one the other day in a cigar store. It sells cigarettes. You put in the correct amount, turn a handle, and the cigarettes and the courtesy are automatically handed out to you. What we don't like about it is that nothing you can do will alter the courteous response. Kick the machine, swear at it, call it all the low terms that your vocabulary can assemble—still the machine will give in return for your gold that cringing, unvarying politeness. We don't like the machine. Somehow, to us it seems to lack self-respect.

And what possibilities it opens up! Motor-car fenders that automatically respond to a sudden bump with "Pardon me!" Egg cookers that shout "I'm done!" at the end of four minutes. Antique chairs which at a pressure of two hundred pounds will say, "Please take another seat." The possibilities are endless. And when advertising matter begins to take it up—when all the car cards and billboards and the goods on the counter and in the show windows become articulate! Far out at sea passengers on incoming liners will pause and listen to the distant crash and roar of the New York advertising, and on Far Western prairies when the wind changes little children will run and hide their faces in terror in their mothers' skirts when there is suddenly borne to them the menacing thundrous grumble of Omaha or Kansas City. About that time we plan to retire to the South Seas. In the meanwhile we are trying to think up a good insulting phrase to introduce into the horn of our Ford. Suggestions would be appreciated.

A SHOP which sells blankets, and nothing but blankets, was opened recently on Fifth Avenue. Although the blankets are from only one mill, there is a great variety among them, from inexpensive baby blankets to luxurious camel's-hair robes. There are blankets for summer homes, camping and sports blankets in bright patterns, as well as a large assortment of weights and colors, among which any one can find what he wants. Moreover, the store is so arranged that the blanket is seen in its natural habitat, since the inner part of the store is furnished as a bedroom.

WE saw a number of nice things at Altman's yesterday, among them a new French cigarette-lighter—the Chic—which is thinner than the usual lighter, a trifle higher, and instead of a wheel and a wick and a shield at the top has only a little handle. You pull on this, and it lights as you pull it out. They are of enamel, in very good designs. We liked everything about them but the name. "Chic" seems to us somehow to be a little *déclassé*, since we heard a girl on the bus the other day say to her friend: "Have you seen Anna's new dress? It's chicker'n hell!"

There is another lighter—a large one—which isn't a lighter at all. It holds about one good drink. We thought we'd just tell you about it.

We saw a cigarette box of colored glass with a silver top, and inside a sort of little cage to contain a lemon, which is said to keep the cigarettes in good condition. We used to use an apple or a slice of potato in our pipe tobacco, but perhaps lemon is better.

We learned here, too, that reflectors are coming into favor again on the table—those mirrors on which the "centerpiece" used to stand. They have been used a good deal with the crystal trees, but are now used with flowers or whatever. Also, the old Dresden-china figures are coming back as table decorations. It seemed rather odd to see a case full of these displayed anywhere but in an antique shop.

For formal use the lighter pastel shades in table linen have been accepted, and we rather like them, although we feel that this rising tide of color in the home is likely to swamp us before long. Even bed linen, as we remarked to you some time ago, is taking on a certain gorgeousness. We feel that it should be used sparingly, else we may become a color-blind race in a few generations.

WE have been looking at a gas refrigerator, the Electrolux—which seems to us well worth consideration if you are planning to eliminate the iceman. In the first place, it doesn't make any noise. Not any at all. We listened to one ourself, and couldn't detect the slightest hum, rattle, pop, or rustle. The reason for this is that there are no moving parts. There is a little gas flame, about the size of the pilot light in a range, and this heats a liquid—distilled water and ammonia—which circulates through a sealed system of cylinders and pipes. The liquid, in turn, does something mysterious as it evaporates—takes up the heat and chills the food compartments, and freezes the little cubes of ice. This liquid is evaporated and condensed over and over again, and never needs replacement. There's no motor, so there's nothing to wear out. All you have to do, really, is light the little gas jet and then pay your gas bill regularly each month so the company won't shut off the meter. Then you'll always have a cold refrigerator. The big Electrolux refrigerators use 1,500 cubic feet of gas a month, the small ones something less. And if the flame blows out or for any reason goes out, there is automatic control which shuts off the gas immediately. It is perfectly safe. Moreover, you can get it in four color finishes, or you can give the company a sample of the color you want and they will match it.

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Tom and the Little White Pig

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

GRANDMA'S tales were never like other people's tales. She could hold the children spell-ound with her impersonations, for each haracter—man, child, or animal—spoke ı his own voice throughout the story. 'o this day, writes Mrs. Robert Jardine, n Outlook reader, who sent us "Tom nd the Little White Pig," she can still ear Grandma's voice exchanging the alls: "Woo-ho!" and "Woo-ho!" be-ween Tom and his mother.

Tom and the Little White Pig

As remembered by Mrs. Robert Jardine, an Outlook reader

N a brown cottage on a hill lived a lit-tle boy named Tom and his mother. eside the cottage grew a little green arden, and behind it stood a little red arn, where Tom and his mother kept eir good old yellow cow. Each morn-ıg before the little boy started to school e led the cow to a nice rich pasture, and very evening he brought her back and ilked her before supper.

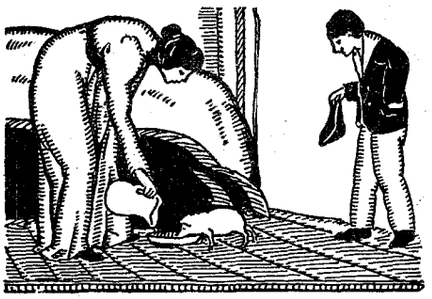
With such good care, the cow gave a reat deal of milk, and, though Tom and is mother drank all they could, there as always plenty left.

"Oh," Tom's mother would sigh, as ıe cleared away the supper dishes and ound the milk-pitcher still half full, "I o wish we had a pig! A nice little pig ould grow so fat and round on this ood milk."

But Tom and his mother were very oor and had no money to buy a pig.

Many afternoons on his way home om school Tom stopped at a farmhouse ıd looked into the pen full of little new gs, wishing he could take one home.

One morning, not far from the farm-ouse, he saw something shining on the ath. He picked it up. It was a piece silver money, more than Tom had er owned in his life! Tom looked all ound to see if the person who lost it



might be in sight, but he saw no one, so he dropped the silver into his pocket and hurried on to school, very happy.

All day long Tom kept slipping his hand into his pocket. What should he buy? There were so many things he needed—shoes and stockings and books. Then Tom remembered Mother and the milk-pitcher. Why, of course—he would buy a little pig!

So when school was over, instead of waiting to play with the other boys, he stopped at the farmhouse and asked if there were any pigs for sale.

"Yes, indeed," said the farmer. "Just come here and take your choice." And he led Tom to the pen.

What a noise and what a lot of pigs, grunting and shoving and digging their snouts into the ground! Black pigs and white pigs, brown pigs and yellow pigs, plain pigs and spotted pigs, and all so little and cute Tom wanted at least half a dozen. But at last he chose a little all-over white one with bright eyes and a curly tail.

"I'll take that one," said Tom, and the farmer lifted it out. Tom put his hand in his pocket.

"Yes," said the farmer. "I'm glad to sell it. For I lost a good piece of money on the road this morning."

Tom's fingers closed tight around the silver piece. All money looked alike—the farmer need never know. Besides, perhaps it wasn't his piece, anyway.

"Wh-where did you lose it?" asked Tom.

"Somewhere between here and the schoolhouse," answered the farmer, scratching the little pig's back. "Oh, I'll never see it again," and he held out the pig to Tom.

Poor Tom! He looked at the pig and he looked at the farmer. He fingered the coin in his pocket. He thought of Mother and that pitcher of good milk.

Then he drew out the money bravely.

"Here, sir," he said. "I found your money. But I didn't know it was yours."

"Well!" cried the farmer, taking the money in surprise. "Well, you're an honest lad!"

"A-and I guess I won't take the pig," said Tom. "I-I've changed my mind."

The farmer looked at him very hard. His eyes twinkled. "I see," he said slowly. "Well, I tell you, young man, I've really got more pigs than I want, anyway, and I'd be glad if you'd just take this one off my hands," and he laid the squirming little white animal in Tom's arms.

Meantime, in the little brown cottage, Tom's mother was wondering what had become of her boy. Presently she saw Tom hurrying up the road.

"Woo-ho!" she called.

"Woo-ho!" answered Tom, and Mother went back to get supper ready.

Quickly Tom slipped around to the barn and laid the little pig in a box of hay. Then he walked after the cow, led her home, milked her, and went in to supper as usual.

When supper was over, Tom's mother picked up the milk-pitcher.

"Oh," she sighed, looking inside, "I do wish we had a pig! A nice little pig would get so fat and round on this good milk."

"Mother," said Tom, "come out to the barn. I have something to show you."

And when Tom's mother saw that cute little white pig with its bright eyes and curly tail she was so surprised and so pleased that she hurried right back into the house for the pitcher. And when she had poured the milk into a dish the little pig put his nose in and drank and drank. Such a noise—like a whole pig-pen full! Then when he could hold no more, the little white pig turned over on his little fat side and fell fast asleep beside the old yellow cow.

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Opening Our Markets to Europe's Securities

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

WHERE are all those German, English, Dutch, and Belgian stocks and bonds that were going to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange? It is more than a year since the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers announced that New York was going to be a market for securities from all over the world, but the number of foreign internal issues being traded in is still decidedly small.

This condition is interesting, not only because of the announcement and the various imaginative predictions that followed it, but because our position as a debtor country means that there is an inevitable trend of foreign issues to our shores.

Our exchanges, of course, do not lack foreign dollar bonds. The Stock Exchange alone lists about two hundred and fifty which represent loans to foreign nations or industries that were floated through American banking houses, but it affords trading facilities to only twenty-seven bonds and eight stocks which were issued in terms of foreign currencies.

Advantages would accrue both to the American investor and to the holders of foreign internal securities from more extensive foreign listings in New York. Our present high level of security prices is one of many indications of the difficulties of investing our funds profitably. Putting large blocks of foreign internal stocks and bonds into this market would give a larger outlet for our surplus capital. The mechanics of purchases abroad are comparatively simple, but it is a rare American investor and, what is more, a rare investment house that command the facilities for investigation that would be a necessary preliminary to the acquisition of, say, shares in a French artificial silk company or a German public utility that are listed only in Paris and Berlin. If they were listed here, the information would be readily available.

It is axiomatic that security-holders want the broadest possible market for their securities. In nearly every case the breadth gives strength. But it is not necessary to rest on this axiom alone in asserting the desirability, from the point of view of the holders of foreign internal issues, of their enjoyment of New York trading facilities. The changes in prices of such issues as have come on our markets prove arithmetically how the widening of the market has strengthened it. The most recent examples were the listing here of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland 4 and 5 per cent refunding loans. The news that they would be traded in on the New York Stock Exchange immediately lifted their values in London.

Since so few foreign stocks and bonds have an official trading status in the United States, although it is so clearly desirable that they should, the deduction is simple that their introduction must offer serious technical difficulties—and, indeed, it does. For the protection of investors, the Stock Exchange has drawn up rigid listing requirements, and the number of foreign securities that can fulfill them is, at the present time, strictly limited.

It will be simpler and briefer to discuss the problem as it faces the authorities of the New York Stock Exchange only. These problems are, with trifling exceptions, the same that face the governors of the Curb Market and of all other American security exchanges.

After only a short study, it became apparent that trading in existing foreign internal securities was not feasible because of such difficulties as the determination of legality of issuance, authentication, exercise of voting power, payment of interest and dividends, language on certificates, withdrawals, cancellations, and the deliverance of important notices. Most of these objections were overcome by the issuance of American certificates of deposit, backed by existing securities, but many still remain.

One of the most important requirements of the Exchange is that the companies whose securities are on its Board should publish frequent, detailed statements of their financial position. Professor W. Z. Ripley, in his "Main Street and Wall Street," has made clear the necessity for this requirement. American corporations which are not frank with their stockholders and with the public regarding their assets, liabilities, and earnings are always suspected of making profitable market operations too easy for "insiders."

Foreign countries, however, have no such tradition of frankness. England, for instance, is the only European country where independent professional accountants audit financial statements as they do here. On the Continent th work is done in casual and inexpert fasl ion by stockholders' committees. Ear ings statements there are infrequent ar notoriously inexact. In years of pro perity they minimize and in adver years exaggerate their net income. Tl Continent is a paradise for "insiders Such concealment may, for various re sons, be beneficial to the stockholders the long run, but it closes their secur ties to the Stock Exchange.

No French internal issues could reac American exchanges, because the frar is not on a gold basis. Important di crepancies between American and fo eign corporate practice and obstacles i the way of the maintenance of a suf ciently broad market bar thousands others.

Any good Lamarckian will insist tha since it is to the mutual interest American and foreign investors th many more internal securities of oth countries be listed on our exchanges, is only a question of time before tl difficulties will be overcome. Th theory, moreover, is held by America authorities. It is evident, though, th the process will be much slower than tl public was led to believe a year ago.

WITH its eyes glued to the stoc ticker, watching the fluctuatio of the most active stock market of ou history, the financial community ha pretty generally ignored an importa fundamental change in industrial cond tions which has been occurring durir the last year and which has been pa ticularly noticeable the last two month

This change is a sharp reversal of tl decline in commodity prices which ha hitherto been interrupted only at bri intervals since the collapse of the pos war boom. The index compiled by tl Federal Reserve Bank of New Yo shows that the average price of twen basic commodities has climbed about s per cent above its early March level ar about twelve per cent above its level a year ago.

Fundamental factors, such as ou great productive capacity and the va rious other influences that tend to d press prices for many years after a gre war, probably will prevent this uptu from going much further, but as long a it lasts it is bound to widen present u comfortably narrow profit margins. is a real boon to industry.

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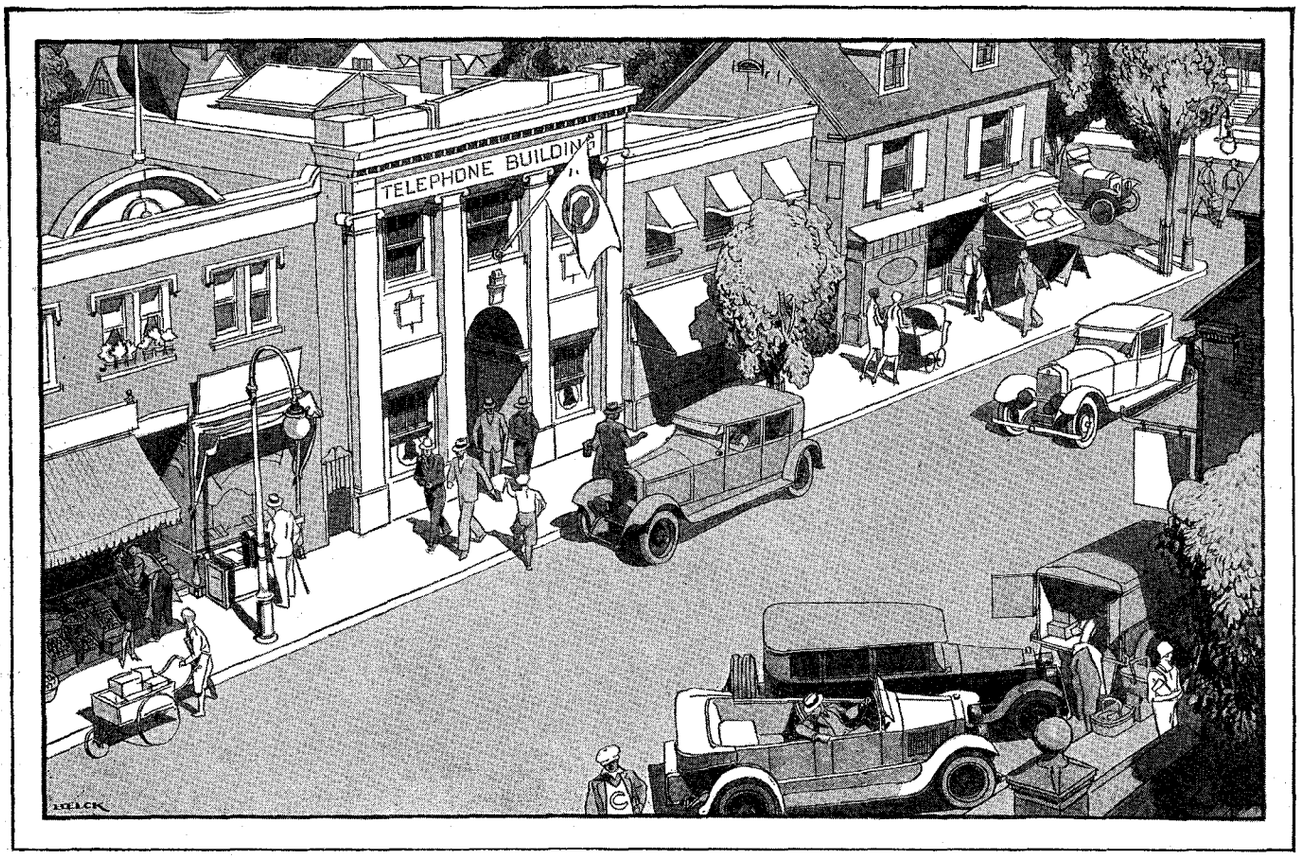

A home town enterprise backed by national experience

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell System is a home town enterprise in operation so that each community may have service that suits its needs. It is a national enterprise in research, engineering and manufacture so that every telephone user may have the best that concentration and quantity production can achieve.

There are twenty-four operating companies devoting their energies to telephone problems throughout the United States—for example, the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company operating throughout Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota. It has 11,000 men and women—friends and neighbors of the other people in their towns—working to maintain in its territory the best standards in telephony now known. In New York, in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Laboratories, are 5000 persons, including scientists, engineers and consultants in management, engaged in inventing better apparatus, and discovering better ways to do things.

The Northwestern Company with its 11,000 employees has the use of all that this group of 5000 in New York discover and perfect.

Likewise the other twenty-three operating companies. They are regional organizations adapted to local conditions, but behind every telephone in city or hamlet is the national organization for the development of the telephone art.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

THE pamphleteers who direct their efforts toward ennobling the American scene by showing the American people what cheap bounders and dull-witted opportunists they are might save their breath to cool their porridge. Instead of that, having once, and even twice and again, said their say to the vast amusement of many but the cleansing discomfiture of few, they keep on saying it because, forsooth, they must have porridge to cool. Sinclair Lewis, like his old friend George F. Babbitt and his new friend Lowell Schmaltz, the Man Who Knew Coolidge,[1] has got to eat. And if he prefers to eat abroad, if he likes *cervelle au beurre noir* and *château neuf du pape* better than buckweat cakes and hooch, we do not blame him. But what he and other acute and brilliant writers have said might be said in fewer words and to as much or as little purpose. America is not Europe. The American is not as civilized as the European. The European is distinguished by a hard head, a soft heart, and a quick tongue. The American, by a soft head, a hard heart, and a slick tongue. What is to be done about it?

Nothing, by such means. Nothing any more. These that were voices crying in the wilderness have become part of a raucous popular chorus. Whatever be the state of minds and hearts, their tongues are as slick as any.

Two things have to be understood about America. First of all, it is adolescent, as all its critics, foreign and domestic, recognize. It has the typical adolescent faults, which are more conspicuous than the equally typical virtues. America is *being its age* with a vengeance. And against adolescence the weapon of satire is worse than useless. Sneer at your sixteen-year-old, and he is immediately reinforced by the terrible pride of youth. But get him laughing at himself, and half the battle is won. Better than by a thousand monologues of Lowell Schmaltz or a thousand strokes of the caduceus upon the backsides of *boobus americanus* anything that can be done by writers to make the adolescent American mass grown up can be done by such books as "The Great American Band Wagon,"[2] which presents with temperate humor the distressing and humiliating spectacle of a nation e slaved by bad taste; by "Alice in tl Delighted States,"[3] a masterpiece topical parody; by "France is Full Frenchmen,"[4] which illustrates the al surdities of the French scene only show more effectively the absurdities the American one.

The other thing which must be unde stood about America, which the able of its foreign critics has left unnotice is that it is and has always been co vinced at heart, not only of its priv leges, but of its responsibilities. This something no Continental can unde stand; it appears to be one of tho romantic obsessions which is peculiarl Anglo-Saxon, and our polyglot countr adopted it along with English speec In conception it is a version of the me sianic conviction. America believes i its heart that it is its brother's keepe This quality, like that of adolescenc has with its virtues its terrible defect Conviction, amazing strength for c operative effort mark it. So do blin stupidity and intolerance. If you ca doubt it, read "Let Freedom Ring" and "The Inquiring Mind."[6] Suppl ment the fire of Mr. Hays's pen with th cold steel of Mr. Chafee's. "Let Fre dom Ring" is written for popular rea ing; "The Inquiring Mind," for specia Both deal with the greatest danger t the future of America as her founde conceived her that can exist—the da ger that the country, in "exalting ord at the cost of liberty," has forgotten th ideals which underlie her institution They deal with the tragic farce of fre dom, with blindness and bigotry, wit the Scopes trial, the Boston censorshi cases, the coal company towns, with th case of Sacco and Vanzetti. No on whose interest in America goes beyon his own immediate fortunes should leav such books as these unread. Perhap you read Lewis and Nathan and laug

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. The famous society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a complicated and slightly incredible case, which nevertheless is not keeping Van Dine enthusiasts from devouring it.

"The Key of Life," by Francis Brett Young. A. A. Knopf. The author's two most sympathetic settings, the Cotswolds and Africa, are the background for a dramatic story, written with poetic feeling. To be reviewed next week.

"Ashenden, or the British Secret Agent," by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co. These exciting stories of war, spies, and murder are good light reading. Reviewed May 2.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is furnishing Americans with lively, if not accurate, information. Reviewed June 22.

"Napoleon, the Man," by R. McNair Wilson. The Century Company. In contrast to the familiar conception of Napoleon, this study presents him as the savior of the French revolutionary spirit. To be reviewed next week.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

[1] The Man Who Knew Coolidge. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

[2] The Great American Band Wagon. By Charles Merz. The John Day Company.

[3] Alice in the Delighted States. By Edwa Hope. Lincoln Macveagh, The Dial Press.

[4] France is Full of Frenchmen. By Lew Galantière. Payson & Clarke, Ltd.

[5] Let Freedom Ring. By Arthur Garfield Hay Boni & Liveright.

[6] The Inquiring Mind. By Zechariah Chafee, J Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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and thank God that you are not as other men. Perhaps you see the unlovely surface of America and accept it with a sigh as a necessary evil in a land still young. Perhaps your acceptance rests upon the belief that under the surface all is well. If so, you fail to see that that very messianic impulse which distinguishes the American soul, sincere and great in conception, has become, not ludicrous, but blasphemous in fruition. And that is because America is a country whose people look, as all people have a right to do, to those in high places for spiritual guidance, and receive a bright new penny and the admonition to keep whooping it up; an unhappy country whose men of might are no longer her men of vision.

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

COCK FIGHT, SANTO DOMINGO

Original lithograph by George "Pop" Hart

The Player Struts and Frets

"Daisy and Daphne," by Rose Macaulay. Boni & Liveright.

The philosophy which Rose Macaulay expresses in all her novels is the philosophy of Macbeth, staggering to his doom, and soliloquizing upon the futility of life. But that it is her own, we doubt. She is amused or scornful or disgusted, but always she pities humanity that struts and frets and then is seen no more. She has a quality of detached maternity, if such an anomaly is possible. Her new book, "Daisy and Daphne," is no exception. It is the story of Daphne Daisy Simpson (her appearance as two distinct people in the first half of the book can deceive no one); Daisy to her lower-middle-class family, Daphne to her upper-middle-class friends, Marjorie Wynne to the staff and readers of the "Evening Wire" and to the public which absorbs "third-rate novels;" to God and Rose Macaulay, who made her, "a frail little spirit," whimpering, "Oh, what am I to do?" in a bewildered voice and scuttling to cover—a study in the inferiority complex, one talented writer says; just a study in personality, we say. Daisy is the child, by an earlier and less regular union, of Mrs. Lily Arthur, of East Sheen. Mrs. Arthur is a whole-souled comic character and would make "Daisy and Daphne" worth reading if there were no one else in it. She is the wife of a decorator—of the papering and painting, not the interior variety—and mother of Ed, a reporter; Amy, a librarian; and Ada, a telephone operator; as well as of Daisy. Daisy's father was a writer, who, dying, left the fruit of his unsanctified affection for the subsequent Mrs. Arthur in care of his sister. In the social stratum of her aunt, Daisy became Daphne.

Daphne went out to a delicious Mediterranean island with the Folyots, as companion to their diverting young children; secretary to Mr. Folyot, who was something in the British Museum; and general assistant to Mrs. Folyot, a public-spirited lady, engaged perpetually in listening to, rescuing, sustaining, and parading for the politically disaffected of all lands. On the Mediterranean island Daisy fell abjectly in love with Raymond, the Folyots' grown son, a cool young biologist. Daphne became his humorous, care-free companion on walks to look at birds and to capture strange marine creatures. And Marjorie Wynne sent back pieces to the "Evening Wire" on "Can the Post-War Girl Make a Home?" In an emergency which called for nerve and a cool head the cowardly lower-middle-class Daisy appeared in Daphne's place. She was not liked. Daphne Daisy went back to London and her novels and pieces, and Daisy sought consolation in the wide bosom of the Arthur family, where she was "mother's clever girl." But the Folyots came back to London, too. Daphne was reconstructed for them, and Raymond fell a little in love with her. To satisfy Daisy's pride, Daphne's engagement was reported in East Sheen. To keep Daphne going, Daisy's family was misrepresented and Marjorie Wynne suppressed in the Folyot home. This castle of lies was bound to collapse, and so it does, ignominiously, carrying Daphne with it, leaving Daisy unsheltered to the bitter wind. Raymond Folyot despises Daisy, nasty little snob and vulgar liar. East Sheen despises Daphne, conceited little snob and ungrateful liar. So Marjorie Wynne, having accomplished a successful third-rate novel, leaves for America to lecture. But neither Daisy nor Daphne has gone beyond recall. A chance word resuscitates Daphne, the debonair woman of the world; another will do the same for Daisy, poor little fool! Marjorie Wynne will taste the sort of success which neither of them wants, and the sorry composite who is all three and none of them will lie and cower, scramble and evade, and weep and boast through life, like all the rest

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of us, "since all are, in a manner of speaking, in the same quandary."

Rose Macaulay is highly successful in her contrasted characters and atmospheres. Her admirations and her dislikes are hearty. She is thoroughly British. Some readers will be annoyed by her digressions, and want her to get on with her good story and her real people. We find her sharp running comment on the writing and selling of books, on psychoanalysis, the rearing of children, journalism, and good works an amusing part of her book. And her tricks of style are endearing. She quashes, except once in a while when it will spill out, her poetic instincts and remains sturdily hard-headed. Her deliberate clumsinesses, occasional carelessness—deliberate, too, perhaps—her affection for scientific terms and long lists of birds and flowers, all these idiosyncrasies endow her books with a very personal and humorous quality which we find delightful. More than that of any other contemporary writer her work gives a sense of a secret amusing and not a little touching shared between writer and reader. You will have guessed that we like Rose Macaulay.

Curzon and Asquith

By P. W. WILSON

"The Life of Lord Curzon," by the Earl of Ronaldshay. Boni & Liveright.
"Speeches," by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

One by one, even the later Victorians, vanishing from visibility, resign their fame to the chilly test of cold print. It is Lord Ronaldshay who, in the first of three volumes, speaks for Lord Curzon, carrying a readable biography to the eve of the Indian Viceroyalty. In speeches, well selected, perfect in form and mercifully concise, Asquith speaks for himself.

It used to be an axiom that Balliol College, over which that Mr. Worldly Wiseman, the late Dr. Jowett, presided as master, produced graduates of a type. Indeed, in a fraternity limited to a hundred or two students and dominated by a powerful personality such a myth was, perhaps, inevitable. Yet none studying the actual characters of Asquith and Curzon—we might add, of Milner and Grey and Lansdowne and St. Loe Strachey—would conclude that they had been compressed into one academic mold. The most perfect of Balliol men, as the phrase has been understood, is that suave, efficient, faultless lawyer, Sir John Simon, and he, like his rival, Lord Birkenhead, went to Wadham! We exaggerate the spell of institutions. If Asquith had been enrolled at Magdalen and Curzon at Christ Church, their careers and their individualities would not have been materially affected.

Both of these men were scholarly. Both of these men were efficient. Both of these men were obviously of Prime Ministerial timber. If one of them missed the prize which the other won, it was for two reasons. They differed in method. They differed in caste.

Asquith economized effort. He wasted not a word on what was other than the worth while. All his work was well done while he was at work. When done, he left the work behind. Curzon made work. On details of no importance he concentrated an exhausting attention. To his correspondence he was an addict. As Tamerlane shed blood, so did he shed ink, and it was in reams that he dropped you a line.

So with oratory. For the platform and for Parliament both men were well prepared. But what prepared Asquith was practice. What prepared Curzon was polish. In the one case, the manner was servant; in the other case, the manner was master. Curzon lavished on a phrase the attention that Asquith devoted to a policy.

The men belonged to opposite castes. Eight hundred years of continuous residence at Kedleston linked the Curzons with the Norman Conquest. To rule was their right. By ancestry, Asquith belonged, not to the aristocracy, but to the enfranchised.

At the outset, it seemed as if all the advantages of birth lay with the heir to a peerage. When Asquith was languishing in Opposition, Curzon held the highest of all Durbars at Delhi. But a revolution, silent and bloodless, was due. The day when the House of Lords elected the House of Commons was fast receding into history. With Labor capturing the Opposition, obviously the Prime Minister, even if Conservative, must sit when he could give Labor the answer direct. For the highest office, as Lord Curzon was dismayed to learn, a Marquisate had become an absolute disqualification.

Of his temperament much has been written, and not too much. No man who worked as he worked can be wholly insufferable. Indeed, he was at times both human and witty, and of his loyalty to the Christian faith it is impossible to speak without respect.

But conquest was in his bones. England—that was an old story. It must be Tibet, Persia, "the glacis of India." For Ireland, for the self-governing Dominions, for the United States, whence he derived his wife and his balance at the bank, he had no real regard. The nations that Curzon loved were the nations that could be ruled.

Hence he was not really popular even with his peers. He regarded the dukes

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and the viscounts with whom he associated at Westminster as he had regarded the Nizams and Gaekwars who salaamed at Delhi; that is, as allies in heredity, honored allies, but allies who must acknowledge a sovereign superiority. The Devonshires and the Buccleuchs did not always relish the salutes with which they were greeted as Lord Curzon's rajahs.

That Lord Curzon surpassed, let us say, the Cecils in pride is the reverse of the truth. The Cecils are so proud that they do not trouble to parade it. It was Curzon's misgivings as to his prestige that led him to assert it. Haughtier than Balfour, he was really more sensitive. To the press Balfour, bland and smiling, played the pachyderm. But a paragraph would send Curzon into a paroxysm. He dwelt in an age when chivalry was a show, not a deed; he was more concerned with his coat of arms than with his armor; if he wore a helmet, it was for the sake of the plume. Serious, not strong, he raised a smile; and the climax of his career was to serve under Lloyd George.

So with an unstained escutcheon, he died with no son to succeed to his accumulation of titles. His daughter was married to Oswald Mosley and together they joined the Labor Party. It is due to an indulgent parent to add that his sense of humor enabled him heartily to enjoy his own predicament.

Each to His Hero

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

"Stonewall Jackson," by Allen Tate. Minton, Balch & Co.

A new story of "Old Jack" must inevitably have appeared, for circulation would be large, particularly through the South, where, in the nature of things, General Jackson was most admired and where he lives in memory as somewhat of a genius. Now comes Allen Tate, Virginian at heart if not by birth, with a book for Virginians. To these the memory of the great fighter has been most dear.

Mr. Tate, no doubt, has already touched off a round of chuckles over "Stonewall," has set the oldsters to reswapping the yarns about the doughty eccentric—and many the stories told that never found way into the new book. Not all the anecdotes they tell in Virginia flatter the Civil War hero. There's the one, for instance, about how young Tom jumped from the window of his uncle's mill into the mill-race in order to escape officers of the civil law. Mr. Tate, however, scarcely goes beyond the characterization, "overdeveloped." "Old Jack" does little worse than sit on a stump and suck a lemon.

The author admired, or even loved, his hero, but he did not love him enough that he could discuss flaws as well as greatness. "Jackson alone, as a soldier, was Lee and Longstreet combined; Longstreet alone was—Longstreet; Lee alone, as a soldier and as a man, was almost God." The author, admittedly, early acquired that belief, and in seeking to uphold that belief he is throughout the book on the defensive.

He has written a concise story of Jackson's military campaigns, showing brief glimpses of Jackson.

Mr. Tate does not understand his man as he could have had he inquired further into the three prime conditioners General Jackson had in his poorness of eyesight, his glandular troubles, and his "obscure stomach complaint." The author scoffs at the idea of considering them—or does he, in the intentness of his defense, scoff at the trend of modern biography, which is toward understanding or as far as one can go in that direction? The defense is there; the man is not.

"Good soldier" Jackson was beyond doubt, and active, too, but he was sometimes extremely foolish. "A great opportunity had slipped away" because he would not fight on Sunday, not even if he was about the Lord's business. What couldn't he have done if his acute need for activity had not driven him to attempts at defeating, with his handful of men, the entire Union army, if he had not so often been impatient of delay, if he had been slightly less secretive in his plans? To what heights could he not have gone if he had been more regardful of the Valley Army's brains—his own? Such was his confidence in the belief that God would see him through that he did not take even normal precautions to protect himself. And yet there is that analogue of nature, who in the individual protects the area of "reasoning" with bony structure.

Because of the General's taciturnity one now can only attempt interpretation of what went on in his mind. Some of Mr. Tate's judgments go without adequate, convincing support. Tom Jackson could have been America's "greatest military genius" but for the limitations put upon him by his own nature.

In some of his battle scenes Mr. Tate does some excellent short bits of description. For the greater part, however, his style tends to an abruptness that is disconcerting. He seems to be as devoid of a sense of humor as was his subject. Here is, then, a study chiefly valuable for its résumé of military tactics—tactics that today seem so pitiful in the light of great changes, and which can never be employed again in this era of civilization.

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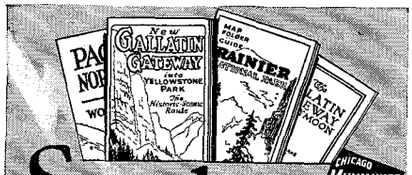

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By WALTER R. BROOKS

Ernest Bramah's
Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat
Doubleday, Doran

Subtle, suave, and intricately satirical is this third book of Bramah's, in which the tales of Kai Lung, the story-teller, are strung along the thread of that person's adventures in rescuing the beautiful Golden Mouse from the ferocious Ming Shu. The ponderous, polished, and totally insincere courtesy of all the characters, with its transposition of our ordinary slang phrases into a sort of high-flown Chinese idiom, is delightful. The garbage man becomes one of the Hereditary Confederacy of Superfluity Removers and Abandoned Oddment Gatherers. A petition is not buried in a pigeonhole, it is consigned to the eternal oblivion of the dove's retreat. We only refrain from saying that these books are the best of their kind because we know of no others that are at all like them. They are really unique.

H. De Vere Stacpoole's
The Mystery of Uncle Bollard
Doubleday, Doran

Jimmy asked Clyde to avenge his father's murder, so Clyde came all the way from London to San Francisco, where the deed had been done. Clyde had an Uncle Bollard in San Francisco, so he called on the old gentleman and asked his help. Uncle Bollard was a wheat operator with several fingers in the political pie. He was certainly a hard egg. And how he did prick up his ears when he heard that Neuberg was suspected of the murder! Clyde couldn't figure out why Uncle Bollard was so sour on Neuberg—not that it made any difference either to him or to the story. Why all the pother about the mystery of Uncle Bollard's vindictiveness, when there's Captain Duckers's lovely daughter and the more sinned against than sinning Sellers and the vile Neuberg and an exciting man hunt over quite a lot of land and sea? Stacpoole has done better, but he always spins a good yarn.

Earl Derr Biggers's
Behind that Curtain
Bobbs-Merrill

The curtain of the past, veiling what happened to Eve Durand when she vanished from Peshawur many years ago, is very deftly lifted by Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, whose methods and quaintnesses have charmed us before. Of course, if Sir Frederic Bruce, former head of the C. I. D., hadn't happened to be murdered in his host's office in San Francisco, Charlie, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, would have had nothing to do with the case. Neither would the beautiful lady district attorney, and then Barry Kirk wouldn't have met her and another romance would never have blossomed. So we're glad Sir Frederic was murdered. And we do admire Kirk, who, when he found that his butler had once put poison in a lady's tea, had the courage to continue drinking concoctions which that worthy prepared for him.

Dr. J. F. Montague's
Troubles We Don't Talk About
Lippincott

False modesty and the quack advertiser of patent medicines have worked together to cause an incalculable amount of suffering in the past—an amount that will be very considerably reduced if people generally are aware of the existence of this book. Herein are frankly discussed certain ailments of the intestinal tract, with plain advice as to how to get rid of them. The author is a qualified specialist. We are glad to know that such a book is popularly available.

Blair Niles's
Condemned to Devil's Island
Harcourt, Brace

A fictionized synthesis of the stories of a number of French convicts in the Devil's Island Penal Colony in French Guiana, where Dreyfus was once confined. The author gathered her material at first hand, and it is not a pretty story that she tells, although she tells it well and dramatically. You will hate the hopelessness and the despair and the squalor that are the unvarying conditions of these lost lives, but you will read to the end, because all the horror and bitterness is redeemed by the indomitable courage of some of these men.

The Movies

(*See page 65*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play.
"Beau Sabreur."—Plenty of sand, but no ginger.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney fails to save it.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Circus."—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
"The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray are good.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"The Gaucho."—No one is perfect—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Pretty girls and pretty vague.
"A Girl in Every Port."—Victor MacLaglen is in it.
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish picture.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Noose."—A fairly absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montagu Love.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"Speedy."—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"Wings."—The great epic of the war-birds.

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Beyond Cult and Sect

(Continued from page 90)

cumstances. Oh, we'll pull you through all right." In no time at all the trained nurse was installed and Mrs. Marshall went home.

She came to see me quite often all through my illness. Every time I saw her I felt that soothing, comforting sense of being under a mother's watchful eyes.

One thing I could not understand: why she heaped so much grace where none was deserved? But that did not in the least prevent my eyes from getting misty every time I caught sight of her. My crude and very shy boyish eyes came to see Mrs. Marshall as through a halo—and more and more. By the time I was lolling through the luxury of convalescent hours she was no mere woman walking the way of the flesh. In my eyes she was one of those miracles of grace of whose slipper marks this old earth was entirely unworthy.

One day she dropped in with a basket of fruit.

FOR days on end I had been thinking that a formal speech was due her—and from me. A formal speech of grateful appreciation of all her kindly acts. So I braced myself up. I felt, of course, all the tremors and terrors of a college valedictorian. Worse. For there was my English. It was like dressing up a fairy queen in department-store remnants. But I went at it with all that was in me. For a sense of duty is a frightful thing in a boy.

"Mrs. Marshall," I blurted out in a funny little squeak. I did not recognize my voice in it, but I saw it was loaded with a lot of emotion, a sort of cross between the heroic and the pathetic, "I don't have to tell you that I owe you more than any one else for my recovery. You did more than anybody to pull me through my illness"—

"Oh, but it isn't true," she protested.

Once started, I crowded on all my sails. "You did more than just pull me through. And that is the thing I wish to thank you for more especially—more than anything else. And that—that is, you have shown me what divine grace is like when it walks the earth in a human form."

SHE stopped me with a gesture and with a look. Both the look and the gesture had about them all the forbidding qualities of a shock of unadulterated terror. I never saw a more violent or sudden change in a person. The rose faded out of her cheeks; her features, soft as a May morn a second ago, frozen rigid. She was speechless for all of two minutes. And I knew all that space of time she was struggling desperately for the control of her breath and tongue.

"S-stop!" she gasped out at last, "You—you mustn't say such a thing. It's—it's terrible!"

Dumfounded, entirely beyond speech, I simply stared at her. Here I had given voice to one of the most sincere sentiments I had ever felt in all my young life. And the effect of that upon Mrs. Marshall was nothing less than appalling. But all this was rather mild to the shock her next sentence gave me:

"Why, I—I am a sinful, wicked woman."

I HAD heard many a good woman use almost identical words at some of the Methodist revival meetings I had attended. But Mrs. Marshall was not hitting the sawdust trail. That almost transparent pallor of her face, the agony in every line of her features, the heaving of her bosom—these, infinitely more than her words, told me that she was at a confessional. And the only father confessor before whom she stood was her own conscience. Then the story of her life's tragedy came from her in broken snatches.

She had driven a young man out to a mission field in despair, she told me, "one of the noblest men I knew. I was so young, so criminally stupid and hard." The young man she had driven from her side had died in the heart of China—of typhoid.

"I murdered him," came from her with the stark directness of a rapier driven home. "Yes, I killed him. If I had shot him through the heart, I could not have been any the guiltier. Only in that case he would have been spared years of heartache and endless days of suffering in China—under what terrible conditions, God alone knows."

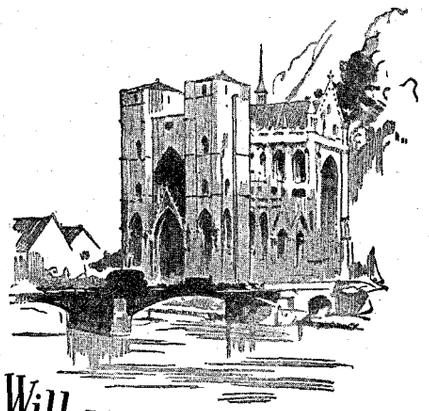
Tears, long fought back, came at last to relieve her, thank Heaven! And for the first time I saw a great light. Now I understood the depth and breadth of her tender care lavished upon a lone waif of a heathen.

The man she had really loved—and banished—had died far from her. All alone most likely, and of typhoid fever.

IS the consciousness of past guilt—ashes of dead sins—a fruitful bed from which springs the flower of virtue?

In the Immemorial East Buddhists speak of the white lotus springing from the mire. It seems to be the same here in Christian America.

Mrs. Marshall stood then, and she shall ever stand, in my eyes as one of



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Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 103*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

"Our Betters," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.

"The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

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And her soul came to flower out of the ashes of a tragedy for which she could not forgive herself.

There seems to be something bigger, more vital and real, than a particular system of theology, than a particular church, cult, or sect—something universal with both the West and the East—in the spiritual experience of man that we call religion.

Grandfather's Neck

(*Continued from page 88*)

in laughing away her chivalry. His Colonel Musgrave is also a Melancholy Knight, almost, we think, more tragic than his prototype, for Musgrave is a Quixote who knows himself to be Quixotic, and that term had happily not been invented when Rosinante charged the windmills. Musgrave is aware that he is an anachronism, a souvenir as futile as a valentine, of no inglorious past. There are things which he cannot do because of the rivet in Grandfather's neck. This story is told with celestial merriment, but it almost breaks the heart.

In the general scrambling from the parlor table of the last ten years, little china people all over the world have been broken into bits, and Grandfather has had another great fall. This time he seems to have been put together by a master-craftsman, for his neck has lately acquired the elasticity of an uncracked youth. A popular collar manufacturer advertises "A Collar for Any Neck," with a chart showing the proper collars for long, short, thick, or thin necks, in combination with round, oval, or angular faces and ears close or the reverse, with noses not quite so straight as the arrow's flight. Grandfather, on the other hand, has a neck that any collar will fit. He nods in every direction, and young writers from all over the South are throwing off their age-old inhibitions and providing Grandfather with an amazing variety of neckwear for an Old Gentleman accustomed to a Black Stock.

In "Teeftallow" T. S. Stribling, of Tennessee, presents an uncompromising picture of the hill town with its Negro lynchings, religious hysteria, White Caps, and shotgun marriages. There is one episode almost Conradian, so freighted is it with the sense of inexorable chance frustrating human intention and aspiration, but Stribling does little with this situation, and turns his attention to a flapperish sort of person who seems as out of key in this book as did Theodore Dreiser's study of a similar type in "An American Tragedy." There is a place for young people of the early-Scott-Fitzgerald period, but not here.

It would seem that Virginia has permanently given up producing Presidents to turn out our most brilliant novelists. She claims not only Cabell and Ellen Glasgow, whose "Romantic Comedians" is so much in the Cabell spirit, but also Julian Green. Green, to be sure, was born in France and writes in French, but his parents were Virginians and the scene of his distinguished novel "Avarice House" is laid in Virginia. So completely does Mr. Green belong to two countries that French reviewers call him *Julien* and his American publishers credit "Avarice House" to *Julian!* "Avarice House" is a study of one passion—greed. It would be interesting to see what Mr. Green would do with an interplay of emotion among characters variously animated. In a novel of usual length one note repeatedly struck becomes a little monotonous. There is a famous composition called "Monoton," but it is a very short song! Mr. Green has proved his virtuosity with "Avarice House," but we would like to have his variations on other themes.

From Georgia we have recently had "The Hardboiled Virgin," by Frances Newman, and "Southern Charm," by Isa Glenn. The former book is a rather heavy-handed satire about as subtle as its name. The heroine does not seem any nearer reality than Little Eva, nor is the central idea as startling as it is evidently intended to be.

"Southern Charm" is a sprightly story. All sympathy to the mother who becomes bored with her vapid and virtuous daughter. We feel, however, that the author has not been quite fair, for she did not subject the mother to the acid test of living with the erring sister, as she had done with the married daughter, which is enough to make any women hate each other. We suspect Isa Glenn of romantic illusions about the business woman. A parasite is a parasite, in business or out. We know 'em! And what changed Miss Glenn's ugly duckling into a swan? She does not let us into the secret of her business woman's attraction after she "got her figure down." Apparently, all one has to do to acquire that "damned charm" is to have an illegitimate baby and go into the garment trade. That sounds almost too easy. Take a walk near Madison Square at noon. Think it over! Joking aside, there was such a creature as the Southern Woman, and she fell not far short of James Lane Allen's heroine who could "bake a johnny-cake on a new ash shingle and still be a very great lady"!

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"Show Boat"! Must one have sat up all night on a porch framed in roses and honeysuckles to watch the show boat sail down the great roadway of water, and must one have slipped down a muddy bank in the treacherous flare of lanterns to crowd over a gangway with Negroes and quality and poor whites, to sit in a dusky hold watching hoofers and acrobats to the sound of lapping water, for that cry of "Show boat!" to set nerves tingling? No other institution so focuses that incredibly picturesque and indigenous life along the Mississippi and Ohio as the show boat, a shining needle flying between towns like colored beads on a tawny thread. We can scarcely praise too highly the artistic selection shown by Edna Ferber in making her own such genuine stuff of romance. In "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox" David Graham Phillips used the show boat merely as a means of transportation when his heroine left her home, to begin her stage career, like Miss Ferber's Magnolia, in the floating theatre; he showed no interest otherwise in the unique material at his disposal. We could wish that Miss Ferber had waited a few years, when she might have been a little less popular, a little less harried by publishers and play producers, when she might conceivably have produced a thing of beauty that would have been a joy forever. Too much of the book is written in a businesslike, popular-writer-of-the-day manner. A good deal of it might well have been written by Miss Ferber's own Emma McChesney of petticoat fame! Miss Ferber is not a Southerner, but "Show Boat" is definitely of the South and holds much of the authentic "Southern charm," despite the undistinguished style.

The most richly endowed of the younger writers is Elizabeth Madox Roberts. In two novels unfolded in the leisurely manner of the great English tradition she proves her ample creative gift, spiritual insight, and poetic style. They are the "Time of Man" and "My Heart and My Flesh," dealing, respectively, with poor whites and country, quality and town, in Kentucky. Though sometimes using the ultra-modern stream-of-consciousness method, Miss Roberts belongs in a line that reaches far back to George Eliot and beyond.

Colonel Musgrave mused. "We have at least enhanced the comeliness of our own particular sand-bar." "We have been artists if not artisans."

Colonel Musgrave drank a toast. "To his new South! She does not gaze unwillingly nor too complacently upon old wars!"

To this new South!

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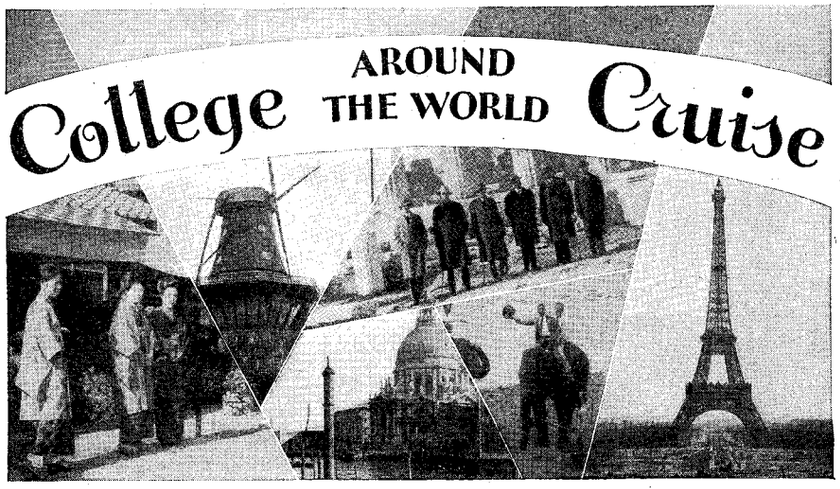

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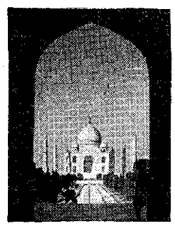

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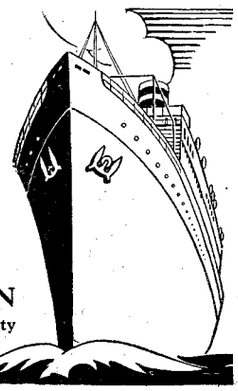

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Birth Control

(*Continued from page 85*)

his pigs and cows, but there is no United States bulletin for husband and wife.

THERE are still people in the world, like Dr. Collins, who believe in leaving things to nature. Nature, in her desire to perpetuate the human race, has no thought for your child or mine. If left to herself, she produces babies, with cheerful regularity and unconcern, every fourteen to twenty-four months. That may be all right from her point of view, but it is all wrong for mother and child. Every baby has a right to a welcome; every mother has the right to an unharassed approach of childbirth. The doctors who claim that eighteen months is a safe and comfortable period between births forget that to the mother the period is nine months instead of eighteen. And what mother, except a very strong and wealthy one, can look forward with joy to a coming baby when its predecessor can neither walk, talk, nor care for any physical need? Can she be blamed for reproaching herself that she has started another life?

I cannot feel that motherhood will ever go out of fashion. The natural instinct is too strong and too old. I don't think that the desire for children is a holy one; that it comes from an unselfish desire to serve. But nature has put into woman a wholly instinctive feeling of protection, a catlike uneasiness when her children are uncomfortable. It is not altruism that takes young mothers over miles of cold linoleum at night to attend their babies' needs; it is the fact that the mothers themselves can't get back to sleep till they know the children are fed and covered. Call it selfishness or unselfishness, as you please. It is strong in almost every mother, just as the urge for a family is strong in practically all men and women. It is true that our families *are* smaller, but we are considering them before they come. We feel the responsibility more than we uesd to do. And if the thoughtful man and woman say: "We can give our best to three children. We shall have only those to whom we can give our best," that is a phase of birth control that should be praised, not blamed.

Perhaps, as Dr. Collins says, contraceptives dent both truth and beauty. "When the one godlike possession we have must be preceded by premeditation . . . and followed by doubts and fears, it becomes a travesty of the source of beauty." But what, oh, Dr. Collins, about the doubts and fears of maternity? Can mating ever be godlike, can children ever be born of pure love, when the mother is torn by the knowledge that she is acting against her conscience? When she feels that it is not fair to the child itself to bring it here? Where, then, is the beauty and truth of love and passion?

If the contraceptives are wrong, give us something better. But be honest with us. Don't tell us that nature's way is perfect. No woman will believe that. And don't make the mistake of thinking that birth control is only practiced by those who want to avoid childbirth and the responsibilities of a family. There are thousands of men and women in the world, conscientious, loving fathers and mothers, who practice it *because* they love their children, both born and unborn.

Charles Curtis of Kansas

(*Continued from page 84*)

up in this way is immense. Some men in politics get their results by appeals to the multitude; Curtis gets his by going after each individual voter. He has long been reputed to have the best card-index system in Congress. He has the doctors listed, and the G. A. R. veterans, and the lawyers, the teachers, and so on. Thus he is able to distribute his share of Government publications—of which each Senator and Representative gets several tons in the course of a session—to the best advantage. A perfectly obvious thing for a politician to do? Yes, but a good many supposedly astute politicians neglect the obvious, and ultimately pay the penalty of defeat. Curtis never neglects it.

Curtis is an organization man in politics, but he does not rely wholly on any organization. A greater factor in his success has been his personal contacts. There is a Curtis leader in every hamlet and town in Kansas. He keeps in constant touch with them. When he goes over the State, Sam meets him here, Bill there, and Jim somewhere else. And Sam or Bill or Jim sits down with Charlie Curtis for a quiet talk about the condition of the Senator's political fences in that particular part of the State. There is never any condescension in Curtis's manner. He talks the Kansas language. It is no wonder that the Senator's fences are kept in perfect repair.

I would not give the impression that Curtis is a vote-hound merely, without other serious thought than that of perpetuating himself in office. That would be doing him a grave injustice. He has solid qualities that entitle him to respect. He has done many good things that might have brought another man la political dividends in favorable pu licity; but Curtis has no genius for g ting mass publicity. Very few peo know, for example, that he was t prime mover for the Senate rule again legislation by conferees—a rule that th late Senator Lodge called the most in portant change in procedure in the hi tory of the Senate. Few know the pa he played in establishing the gold stan ard. He has confided many things t newspaper men, but rarely anythir about himself.

Curtis has personal courage; Kansa will tell you of classic political feuds i which he has gone direct to his antag nist and faced him with provocati charges. He has political courage whe any fundamental tenet of his creed attacked; witness the time when h stood by the high tariff in the face of rising tide of rebellion in Kansas. H has a profound knowledge of human na ture. He has enormous industry. H word is as good as the proverbial bon All these things must be given weight i accounting for his rise. He is not a ca didate for President through the car index system alone.

Since the death of his wife sever years ago Curtis has lived with his sist in Washington. He has few social e gagements. He is compelled to listen a vast deal of golf talk in the Sena cloak-rooms, but it is doubtful if would know a mashie from a nibl Walking is his one form of exercise. l love of racing has stayed with him, a now and then he slips away from h job to one of the tracks near the capit In sizing up a race he always pays mo attention to the jockey than to t horse.

Such is Charlie Curtis, of Kansas- square-shooting conservative; a qui affable man whom everybody likes; skillful player of the great game of po tics. He is running for the Republic Presidential nomination because he h figured that he has a chance to win; one who knows him doubts that he is earnest about it. He is available, s his friends, because he is a Western who is highly satisfactory to the Ea and a conservative who is not whol unacceptable to the progressives. Hc can he win? Again to quote his su porters, Hoover and Lowden will be each other off, as Lowden and Wood d in 1920, and the choice finally will re between Dawes and Curtis, with Cur emerging the winner because of h greater availability.

When you remember what happen at Chicago in 1920, you can't altogeth dismiss that prognosis.

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